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The Shape of Things

THE SPLENDID BEHAVIOR OF THE ITALIAN people last Sunday was a rebuke to those political parties and foreign powers that combined to turn the election into a major engagement of the cold war. The huge vote is interpreted by most observers as presaging a government victory, but the full count is not available as we go to press. One thing, however, can be said even before the returns come in: an orderly election is not the same thing as a fair election. The Italian people were able to go to the polling places and mark their ballots without interference, but fraud and violence walked beside them just the same. The whole campaign was characterized by coercive and unscrupulous tactics, freely employed on both sides: by Russia, through the Italian Communist Party and its allies; by the United States directly, as well as through the Vatican and the government parties. Never were voters more callously used for ends beyond their control. Whichever wins the election—Russia or America—the Italian people will lose. For both great protagonists are concerned above all with their strategic requirements in the struggle for power which constitutes the present phase of World War III.

Mr. Del Vayo's regular dispatch, which was to have dealt with the outcome of the Italian election, will appear next week, when the complete results are known.

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OUR OWN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, STRICTLY a private affair, assures us that the reports of the government's Central Intelligence Agency on the Colombian uprising were ill-informed and misleading. The revelation by Admiral Hillenkoetter, chief of the agency, that he had sent the State Department a series of warnings about Communist designs to break up the Bogotá conference, has stimulated amazing flights of fancy among our susceptible Congressmen. Representative Brown referred darkly to a "South American Pearl Harbor," and Representative Hoffman announced that he would call Secretary Marshall to account for sending a large delegation to the conference in the face of such warnings. What nobody has bothered to consider is the fact that Dr. Gaitán's assassination, which set off the mob violence, was not the act of a Communist, nor is there any evidence that it could have been anticipated by the Communists. Whether, as Gaitán's family charges, the assassin was a Conservative opponent of the Liberal leader is not known. It is known that a whole series of political assassinations in recent months have been attributed to the Conservative Party which, rather than the Communists or any other party of the left, had a tradition of violence. Nobody has mentioned the bitter political feuding that has gone on at an increasing tempo ever since the Conservative victory in 1946; or the mounting inflation that has lately reduced the poor to new depths of misery. One can assume that Colombia's few but active Communists were prepared to take full advantage of this tempting set of circumstances, without the Intelligence Agency's help. But only a Congressman in a state of acute hysteria would swallow the tale that the explosion itself was a Communist plot against the United States and the conference.

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TWENTY-SIX NATIONS HAD TO ACCEPT THE constitution of the World Health Organization to breath official life into that agency, and three weeks ago the last necessary ratifications were given by Byelorussia, the Ukraine, and Mexico. But the United States, whose participation is vital to the success of the organization, has not signed; nor will it until the House Rules Committee gives clearance to an enabling resolution, previously approved by the Senate, which was tabled in a secret session on March 12. Apparently, most of the committee's members feel that $2,000,000—our proposed contribution to the W. H. O., and but 15 per cent of the yearly health budget in New York City alone—is too much to ask the American taxpayer to give to help wipe disease off the face of the earth. Besides, as Representative Leo Allen of Illinois told *PM's* Albert Deutsch, "the majority of the members" of the committee "don't want our American doctors running around the world doctoring two billion people." Since this idiocy is clearly no part of the organization's program, it can only be looked upon as a rationalization: Mr. Allen and his confrères are really worried lest the W. H. O.

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promulgate "socialized medicine." But the American Medical Association itself, foremost opponent of socialized medicine in this country, strongly advocates our membership in the W. H. O. and has called the committee's decision "an embarrassment to American leaders in the field of health." The State Department, equally mortified, is educating the committee in the facts of life as quickly as it can. It looks, therefore, as if the committee would reconsider its action in the near future, and as if the United States would be among those present when the W. H. O. convenes in June.

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THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE AN ELECTION in Czechoslovakia next month, just as Premier Gottwald said they would when he explained that what happened in February was not a "coup" at all but an advance along "the strictly democratic, constitutional, and parliamentary road." There are some features, of course, that might seem odd to American voters. Not only will there be no third party in the running; there will not even be a second. One slate of candidates will be presented to the electorate, but a voter may, if he chooses, cast a white ballot signifying his protest against the entire list. However, no one will be permitted to vote who has "sinned against the republic, the nation, and the people's democracy." No legal action, such as a court conviction, is necessary to put a voter in this category; all that is required is that he be identified as a sinner by an electoral board acting on the recommendation of the district "action committee." These committees, all Communist, have no standing in law but enjoy a higher status as the instrument through which the present government was installed. Such flaws in the new Czech democracy may account for the tears and the faltering voice that marked the one speech President Benes has made to his country since the change of government. At the six-hundredth anniversary ceremonies of Charles University, the President made no mention of the "parliamentary" changes, but dwelt pathetically on the need for "freedom founded on man's respect for man and on common tolerance." This is the government which Henry Wallace lays at the door of our embassy in Prague. The ambassador was fomenting a rightist coup, Wallace has repeated charged, which the Communists merely acted to forestall. We are still waiting for one shred of evidence from Mr. Wallace concerning the alleged American plot—or, in its absence, for the retraction that political honesty demands.

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MANUEL A. ROXAS, THE LATE PRESIDENT of the Philippine Republic, was a figure controversial enough to have won the simultaneous favor of General Douglas MacArthur and General Tomoyuki Yamashita, Japanese commander-in-chief in the Philippines. His

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brilliance, energy, and ability were beyond dispute, but his record during the occupation remains for us a deep gray in spite of all the whitewash that has been applied, both in Washington and in Manila. President Roxas explained his services as chairman of the Economic Planning Board in the puppet regime of José Laurel as a response to the "pleas and entreaties of hungry children and mothers." But there were no pleas for him to frame the fascist constitution he drew up at the bidding of the Japanese. He may have privately aided the guerrillas, as General MacArthur says he did, but his public position and the aid he gave to the enemy surely did more to destroy them. Since the surrender, he has been a cordial friend of the United States, but much of his support when he ran for President came from wealthy fascist and collaborationist interests, and his methods in dealing with an oppressed peasantry was appropriately harsh. We have far greater confidence in his successor, Elpidio Quirino. The new President, with a distinguished background in the law, served as an underground leader during the occupation. He too was invited to serve the Japanese as an impressive "front," but went to prison instead, barely escaping the fate of his wife and three children, who were bayoneted to death by the conqueror.

E. R. P.'s Eastern Front

THE European Recovery Program, as outlined by the cooperating nations, revised by the American government, and passed by Congress, depends upon a substantial amount of trade between Western and Eastern Europe. Before the war, Russia and nations now under its control exported to the West such essential products as grains, coal, timber, oil, and potash. It has been estimated that the value of this trade was about $1,920,000,000 annually. About double this figure will be required under the schedules of the program.

Under normal peaceful conditions, this expectation might not be too high, considering the rise in prices which has occurred. But as a result of war damage and land reform, agricultural production in Eastern Europe has declined. There are also signs that the Soviet Union and its satellites will wish to use more of their own products, because of industrial expansion and plans to raise the level of living. It is notorious that the Soviet zone of Germany has failed to deliver food to the western part of the country as agreed, and eastern Germany is reckoned as a source of supply in the figures given above.

The Russians have done their best to sabotage the Marshall Plan from the beginning. They could deal it a heavy blow by denying these exports if they did not want the things which other nations can sell in exchange, such as machinery. They have already concluded a number of trade agreements with nations coming under E. R. P., notably Sweden and Britain. Yet it is possible that even if Eastern Europe develops a sufficient exportable surplus, the Communists will withhold it to damage the recovery program.

Western Europe could survive without this trade; it was forced to do so during two world wars. It could survive, that is, if it could buy the necessary food, fuel, and chemicals elsewhere, which means mainly in countries where dollars are used for money. If trade with the Eastern countries is cut off or impeded, we shall have to be prepared to substitute our coal for that which is supposed to come from Poland, our wheat for Balkan and Hungarian wheat, our dollars for the purchasing power which Europe might earn by selling manufactured products to the Soviet sphere.

This would be an expensive, wasteful, and wholly regrettable necessity. If it were to be brought about by a Soviet boycott, Americans would rightly chalk it up on the already large score against the Politbureau. Strangely enough, however, the very Americans who already have objected to the expense of the Marshall Plan and have shaved it down to dangerously scanty proportions have been agitating for a cessation of trade with Russia and its satellites, not only on the part of the United States but on the part of all nations which cooperate in E. R. P.

By trading with Russia, the Western world is, to be sure, helping to strengthen a potential enemy. It makes little difference whether that enemy obtains steel scrap, machine tools, trucks, or agricultural machinery—all useful goods are grist to the mill of modern war. But let us not forget the complementary truth: Russia, by trading with the Western world, is helping to strengthen *its* potential enemy. We should be thankful, whether or not there is to be a war, for every ton of coal, wheat, or potash that the democracies can obtain during the early and critical months of recovery.

There is one double-checked certainty. If we want to enforce an embargo against Eastern Europe, we shall have to pay for it. We shall have to pay for it either in the cost of making up to Western Europeans the supplies they will lose on account of the trade war or in the infinitely greater cost of failure of E. R. P. and the economic collapse of the participating nations.

Perhaps there is a more creative way to look at the problem. We do not have to act as if war were inevitable. The way to avoid it, of course, is not to make concessions supinely at the expense of our security or our principles. Nevertheless, we can lose nothing by strengthening any connection that still holds. Trade is of mutual advantage; it is an important link between East and West; its surrender would be costly to the Russians as well as to us. To expand it, if possible, from a footpath to a six-lane highway would make a wide breach through the iron curtain.

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The Meaning of the Truce

LAST week's developments in the United Nations meant far more than appeared on the surface. They formed parts of a rapidly developing American plan in which the fate of the Jews of Palestine is only an incidental item, a plan to integrate the Mediterranean countries into a solid bloc against Soviet Russia.

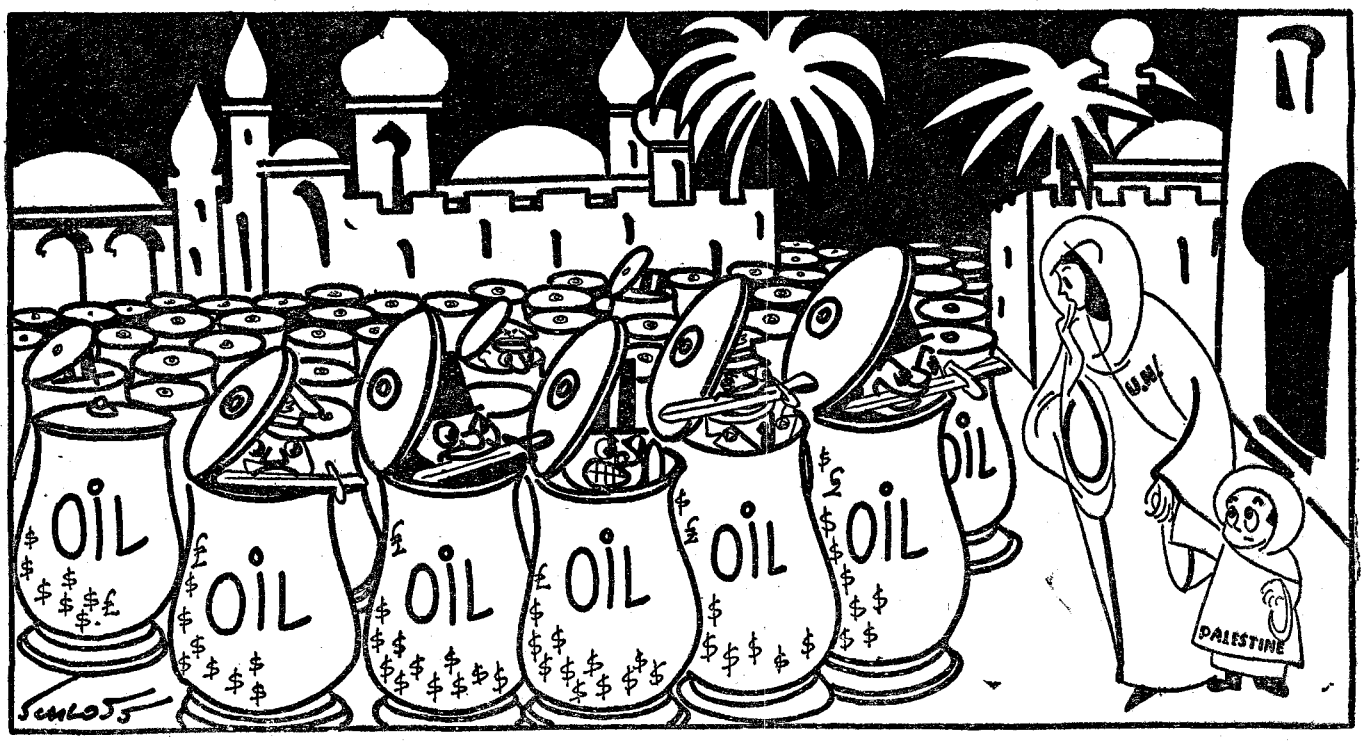
It was the United States that brought about the election of Dr. Arce, head of the Argentine delegation, as the president of the General Assembly—a fitting reward for representing the only country in the United Nations to flout the General Assembly decision on Spain. Argentina, led by Perón and Arce, proudly installed a new ambassador in Madrid immediately after the December, 1946, resolution of the General Assembly calling for the withdrawal of ambassadors and ministers.

It was the United States that catapulted Dr. Tsiang, the Chinese representative, into the chairmanship of the special session's most important committee, the Political Committee, no doubt as a reward for providing a philosophic cloak for our betrayal of the Palestine decision. Dr. Tsiang developed the thesis that peace, like partition, cannot be imposed; that the Jews are co-equals with the Arabs in the Palestine violence; and that a truce demands a political, as well as a military, standstill.

It was the United States that forced the Security Council to adopt a truce resolution, the effect of which would be to force the capitulation of the Jews of Palestine to the Arabs. The plan, of course, was foredoomed to failure. The Jews were certain to reject a truce which prohibited their preparations for setting up the provisional Jewish government on May 15, and at the same time permitted 10,000 Arab invaders to remain on Palestine soil. The Arabs are dissatisfied with a proposal predicated on anything less than their full demand for an independent Arab state. The British, although they voted for the truce, are certainly not prepared to carry out the suggestion that they make themselves responsible for the enforcement of the truce until the end of the mandate. To fulfill that obligation, the British would have to fire on Arabs as well as Jews, and this they are not going to do.

WHAT is behind our determination to force through an agreement that can obviously be no more than a paper agreement? The answer lies in Washington. The truce resolution is regarded by the defense agencies of the United States as a prerequisite to their over-all strategic-political plan. That plan involves the extension of the Truman Doctrine and the agreements with the Western bloc to include Franco Spain at one end of the Mediterranean and the Arab League states at the other. With a Security Council truce in their hands, our military master-minds plan to give the signal for lifting the embargo on arms shipments to the Middle East. That done, the rearming of the Arab League states could be undertaken.

The precision with which all the members of the Security Council followed the American lead, excepting only the Soviet Union and the Ukraine, is not an en-



THE THIEVES OF BAGDAD

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couraging curtain-raiser to the further discussions on Palestine in the General Assembly. None the less, it is far from certain that the United States can put through its trusteeship proposal. The reasons are three. First, the United States has thus far failed to present any scheme for enforcing trusteeship. This is due primarily to the State Department's realization that it would be extremely difficult to get Congressional sanction for an American army in Palestine. Second, there is determined opposition on the part of a number of small countries, including certain British dominions and Latin American states, to scrapping partition. Third, there is division among the United States, Britain, and France.

This last obstacle is only beginning to emerge clearly. All three Western powers are joined in the anti-Soviet front; all three are prepared to appease the Arabs. Beyond this, their ambitions diverge. The United States, with enormous and growing interests in the Middle East, would like to have Britain, in particular, act as our agent. Throughout the area, we are seeking to displace the British from their predominant role. The British are aware of this, and are resisting. They are still defending the Empire lifeline, and they have no intention of serving as American mercenaries in Palestine. The announcement of King Abdullah of Transjordan that he plans to move his Arab Legion into Palestine is probably a British trial balloon, a warning against trusteeship, designed to pave the way for a U. N. decision in favor of a "federated" Arab state. The Arab Legion, trained, armed, paid, and commanded by the British, is not Abdullah's to command. Not one soldier of the legion will set foot in Palestine if the British do not want it. It is not impossible that if British maneuvers in the General Assembly fail, Abdullah will march on Palestine. But if he does, it will be the British who give the signal. In any case, whether a federated state is set up or Abdullah is permitted to occupy Palestine, the payment to the British will be the same—bases in Haifa, the Negev, and Galilee.

France too is playing its own game. Like the British and Americans, it is prepared to sacrifice the Jews to appease the Arabs. But it has its own ideas as to how far appeasement will serve French interests. In the war they are sure is coming, the French are likely to move the seat of government to North Africa. But the French hold on Morocco is insecure, and the continued strengthening of the Arab League is a direct threat. To protect its African territories, the Quai d'Orsay is reliably reported to have negotiated a secret pact for joint action with Franco Spain. This is why France will probably resist a Palestine plan which gives the Arab League increased power and prestige.

It is an ugly picture. Small wonder that, last week in the corridors at Flushing Meadows, delegates passed around the quip: "Next year, Franco will be president of the General Assembly."

POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Campaign Notes

HAROLD STASSEN'S rivals for the Republican nomination had better shop around for a new set of rationalizations. After the Wisconsin primary a flood of self-comforting explanations poured out, but the results in Nebraska have already given them a seedy look. Chief among these wishful arguments was the fact that Stassen had enjoyed the backing of the G. O. P. machine in Wisconsin. But in Nebraska Taft was the machine candidate, and he ran a dismal third, while Stassen coasted to his second major triumph of the month. What is more, the Nebraska organization was more antagonistic to Stassen than to any other candidate in the field. Run by the rabidly isolationist Senator Butler, it had sent to Congress a bloc unanimously opposed to the European Recovery Program. The usually garrulous Senator Wherry is still to be heard from.

Another explanation was that Stassen had spent money freely in Wisconsin. But reports filed with the Secretary of State show that he spent much less than either of his rivals, the MacArthur strategists having laid out $29,671, the Dewey group $23,854, and Stassen's committee $14,861. Representative Andersen of Minnesota offered an even simpler interpretation. His former Governor's success, he found, was "due to the fact that he recognized that oleomargarine has no place in the agricultural picture in America."

In short, the professionals are willing to face anything but the increasingly plain truth that orthodox politicians have lost their appeal. They simply don't generate confidence in a jittery world. The voters want new faces and a fresh start, and are apparently in a mood to take chances. Republicans who feel this need are attracted to Stassen by the maverick air with which he promotes an essentially conservative program. Theirs is a pale reflection of a much stronger urge on the left. Of the Democrats and liberals, some turn to Wallace, who offers the moon but can't win, while others turn to Eisenhower, who promises nothing but can. We move dangerously into an age of faith.

A CLOSE reading of the resolution adopted by Americans for Democratic Action in favor of Eisenhower shows, in spite of this trend, a circumspection not apparent from newspaper accounts. Prevailing sentiment of the A. D. A. leaders and chapter representatives who met in Pittsburgh was that a Republican Congress, with all its potentialities for mischief in the conduct of foreign policy, would appreciably heighten the danger of war; and that without a dynamic candidate at the

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head of the Democratic ticket a Republican Congress was a dead certainty. At the same time, an organization based on program and principles cannot, without a certain loss of character, go panting after a candidate about whom it knows no more than that he has a marked humanitarianism, a warm smile, and an excellent chance of winning an election. Hence the loopholes in the resolution, to wit: "This nation has a right to call upon men like Dwight D. Eisenhower and William O. Douglas *if the people so choose*"; and "As a nominee *on a liberal platform* General Eisenhower would insure the election of a progressive Congress" (italics mine). The formula is elastic enough so that if Eisenhower should withdraw beyond question of doubt, or if his views as ultimately set forth should turn out to be less enlightened than they are widely believed to be, the A. D. A. could gracefully fall back on Douglas or reconsider its entire position on the eve of the convention.

ADDENDA on Wisconsin: Democrats in the thousands are believed to have voted in the Republican primary—nominally for Stassen, in reality to deflate the MacArthur boom. Only 130,000 voted in their own party primary, as compared with 180,000 four years ago. . . . Although Milwaukee Republicans gave MacArthur three of their four delegates, the city as a whole elected a Socialist mayor. At the same time fully a third of the Democratic voters wrote in the name of Harry S. Truman as their choice for President, about 2 per cent wrote in MacArthur, and only 1 per cent went on record for Eisenhower. Normally not more than 10 per cent of the voters in the primary ever bother to record this optional expression of opinion. State politicians are still trying to make sense out of the jumbled pattern. . . . A silent panic gripped the Hearst crowd when Phil La Follette announced that General MacArthur was opposed to compulsory military training, long a passion of the Hearst editorial page. Other MacArthur men quickly contradicted La Follette, but his statement is confirmed by a prominent American liberal who visited Tokyo within the past year. MacArthur flatly told this man, whose integrity is beyond question, that he was against compulsory training, not only because mass armies are outdated, but because war is unthinkable in an era that must depend on "international accommodation."

THE former Grand Mufti of Palestine, whose dossier, buried in the State Department files (but published in part by The Nation Associates), would convict him twice over as a war criminal, has been given the liberty of the *Congressional Record*. Representative Ed Gossett of Texas, who led the fight against admitting displaced persons, has had the full text of the ex-Mufti's "Arab Charter for Palestine" inserted in the *Record*, commending it "to the reading of all who want to be fair and informed." Gossett, disavowing either praise or condemnation of the Mufti, is "sure that he does not deserve all of the censure that has been heaped upon his head."

No Atoms for Peace

BY LEONARD ENGEL

IT IS widely recognized by this time that effective development of peaceful atomic power is not to be expected for some years. Though I would not imply that atomic energy offers no difficulties, one reason for the delay is that no one has been trying very hard.

Over a year ago the Manhattan District of the army announced that a large experimental atomic-power plant was in process of design at Oak Ridge and that actual construction would begin late in 1947 or early in 1948. The Oak Ridge project, while still in the design stage, was abandoned last summer by the United States Atomic Energy Commission. Simultaneously the commission cut back the entire program for atomic-power development: until recently the only work under way was a study of the separate elements entering into such a development carried on by General Electric, with limited funds and support, at the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory near Schenectady, New York. Now additional studies have been undertaken at the Argonne National Laboratory in Chicago, and an extremely small test plant is to be built next year at the Brookhaven laboratory on Long Island. Atomic-power development, though, is still receiving only limited support.

There are three reasons for this state of affairs. First, the Atomic Energy Commission, up to the present, has concentrated its efforts overwhelmingly on bomb manufacture and weapons development. Second, the organization inherited by the commission was badly disintegrated and had to be rebuilt practically from scratch. Finally, the Oak Ridge project was a failure. Its history illustrates what happens when the military gets hold of research.

AN EXPERIMENTAL atomic-power plant could have been completed and perhaps already put in operation. It would have been a research installation of limited size and would not have generated electricity economically and perhaps not on an industrial scale, but in the opinion of all the nuclear physicists with whom I have spoken

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it would have provided valuable aid in solving the extremely formidable technical problems that still bar practical atomic-power generators. Such a test plant should have been erected. With appropriate priorities for scientific man-power and materials, it might have been finished in a year.

The delay is due in great part to two decisions made by the Manhattan District and its commander, General Groves: first an impossible basic design was chosen for the projected plant, and second a poor site. For the core of the plant the Manhattan District selected a pile proposed by Professor Farrington Daniels of the University of Wisconsin, associate director of the Chicago Metallurgical Project, one of the Manhattan District's principal research agencies. This pile would have generated, through nuclear fission, between 650° and 940° F. of heat energy for transfer to a conventional steam plant by means of a "heat exchanger." As described in the Manhattan District announcement, the Daniels scheme seemed entirely reasonable; atoms would merely take the place of coal in a plant that was well within the scope of everyday power engineering. The announcement did not say that Professor Daniels, an able research administrator and chemist but not a nuclear physicist, had specified that the pile should be built of materials particularly subject to attack by radioactivity. Any pile built of the designated materials would be self-destroying. This and other questionable features of the Daniels proposal were pointed out by technical committees at Oak Ridge, but to no avail. General Groves's staff chose the Daniels pile.

I have not been able to find out definitely why they did so, but a story highly unflattering to the army is making the rounds. It represents the atomic-power announcement as nothing but a publicity stunt. The District was well aware that it would not have to carry out any decisions it might make; if the scheme bounced, the new civilian commission would have to pick up the check. So Daniels's plausible proposal was picked out from among the many plans sketched by Manhattan District scientists in their spare time, and the public-relations boys were turned loose.

Most physicists were so angry at the arbitrary choice of the Daniels pile that the Power Pile Division of the laboratory was practically under boycott. It had to content itself therefore with a staff consisting mainly of young engineers, men who hardly commanded the right variety of skills and whose enthusiasm seems to have been a hindrance rather than a help. Eager to do a superlative job, the engineers decided to couple the Daniels pile with a super-efficient 1,500° steam unit and other experimental gear, instead of the conventional equipment originally prescribed. Under the circumstances, the projected power plant was foredoomed to run into a succession of technical obstacles, and the commission had no choice but to scrap it.

EQUALLY unfortunate was the Manhattan District's decision to locate the plant at Oak Ridge, whose isolation has increased the difficulty of assembling an adequate staff. Scientists have been reluctant to work for the Atomic Energy Commission in any of its units on account of the concentration on weapons, the rigorous "loyalty" checks and constant surveillance of employees, and the restrictions on publication of scientific work. Oak Ridge has other employment disadvantages peculiar to itself. It is a walled company town. Everyone lives in houses of standardized pattern; visitors are carefully sifted. It is 150 miles from Nashville, the nearest city with a major university.

At one time there was an outside chance that Oak Ridge might be able to keep a first-class staff. Early in 1946 Eugene P. Wigner accepted appointment as director of research at the laboratory. Wigner has a world reputation as a theoretical physicist, and the eyes of all American scientists were upon him. If he had stayed, other brilliant men might have been persuaded to live in Tennessee. However, Wigner and several of the men immediately around him left early last summer.

Now at Princeton, Wigner has kept his reasons for leaving Oak Ridge to himself. It is quite clear, though, that one was his dissatisfaction with the management of the laboratory. All federal atomic-energy laboratories with the exception of Los Alamos are operated through general contractors. At Oak Ridge, Monsanto was the manager from 1945 through 1947 and was not well suited to the task. Its chief executives displayed little understanding of the problems of basic physical research, and its management, according to a physicist who worked there at the time, seemed more eager to avoid trouble with the Manhattan District and the commission than to get something done. Monsanto seldom attended to such troublesome questions as housing for members of the scientific staff; Wigner himself is said to have had the greater part of his time taken up with such difficulties.

SHORTLY after the beginning of the new year, the commission announced that all pile-design work was being transferred from Oak Ridge to the Argonne National Laboratory, which is managed by the University of Chicago, and all other power development to the Knolls research plant. The power-plant project should have been in one of these laboratories a year and a half ago—preferably at Argonne. In fact, when the project was first considered by the Manhattan District, scientists of the Chicago Metallurgical Project fought for a site in or near Chicago. They argued that the Oak Ridge laboratory should be continued as a leavening agent for science in the South but that the power project should be located where it could draw on the great Midwestern universities, with their unmatched collection of able physicists. They were overruled by General Groves's staff largely

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on security grounds: Oak Ridge is a better place to keep a secret than Chicago.

Of course the Atomic Energy Commission did not have to wait until 1948 to begin repairing earlier blunders. It might have moved with greater vigor if its attention had not been concentrated so overwhelmingly on bombs and weapons research. However, the circumstances which have shackled peaceful atomic-power research were created in the first instance by the Manhattan District and General Groves.

The Catholic Church and Fascism

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

III

THE Roman Catholic record vis-à-vis Hitler is not so black as in Spain, but many Catholic sources can be cited to show that Vatican policy in Germany when Hitler was rising to power was designed to save the church, not democracy. The church permitted German Catholics to be National Socialists but not Socialists. The Catholic Center Party, before it finally dissolved itself, undoubtedly stood for democracy, but it served chiefly to weaken the anti-Hitler labor forces. The Christian trade unions actually became a subordinate part of Ley's Labor Front before they were abolished.

Those German priests who wished to join the Nazi movement openly were saved from this blunder by Hitler's unequivocal stand in favor of state control of education and his scathing denunciations of Christianity. When the Rome-Hitler-von Papen Concordat of 1933, negotiated for the Vatican by Cardinal Pacelli (later Pius XII), proved to be a scrap of paper in spite of the fact that Hitler had announced himself a member of the Roman Catholic church just before its signing, the church's subsequent attacks upon Hitler gave it new standing in England and America. These attacks, as De la Bedoyère points out, "were as popular with the world as the Abyssinian affair had been unpopular." But the popularity was scarcely deserved. The attacks were directed primarily against Hitler's incursions into "Catholic territory." The church never excommunicated Hitler or—but let a Catholic editor summarize my doubts. De la Bedoyère says ("Christian Crisis," p. 10,* italics mine):

> Pius XI issued in 1937 the encyclical, Mit Brennender Sorge, in which, with considerable skill, the extravagances of German Nazi doctrines are picked out for condemnation *in a way that would not involve the condemnation of political and social totalitarianism.* . . . They powerfully served to restore the international, moral, and spiritual prestige of the church, which had been so shaken by the Abyssinian war. None the less, the Concordat was not denounced, diplomatic relations between the Holy See and Berlin were not broken, the civil allegiance of Catholics to the Nazi Reich was not made impossible; still less, of course, was German foreign policy, involving the destruction of Catholic Austria and largely Catholic Czechoslovakia, in any way reprobated. . . .
>
> On the eve, then, of the new European war we find the church endeavoring still to maintain, even at high cost, contact and friendship with all the conflicting interests, save only Bolshevism.

Meanwhile, when Engelbert Dollfuss established in Austria for a few brief months what Teeling calls "the first Catholic model government in Europe," he received, on the day he ascended to power, a special telegraphed blessing from Cardinal Pacelli as Papal Secretary of State. To this day Dollfuss is considered the model statesman of Catholicism. He called his state the German Corporative Christian State, and he called the day of its inauguration, Catholic Day. He smashed the independent unions, suppressed the Social Democrats, and destroyed freedom of the press. His ideals may have been noble, but the state which he actually established was a fascist state. The judgment is not mine but that of many Catholic critics. "In reality," said Don Sturzo, Italian Catholic leader, "it is a dictatorial state with a Catholic and fascist predominance." It was, said Teeling, in his "Crisis for Christianity," a "totalitarian state working with the church." After Dollfuss had been assassinated, it did not take long for the Nazis to move in, with only token resistance from the Catholic hierarchy.

THE Second World War imposed new strains on Vatican diplomacy but did not alter its fundamental policy. In the period before Pearl Harbor, when American aid against Hitler was desperately needed, the overwhelming majority of the Vatican's representatives in this country railed at the possibility of American intervention in language that was strikingly similar to Soviet propaganda in the period of the Hitler-Stalin pact.

This concludes the first article in Paul Blanshard's new series. A second article, on the censorship exercised by the Catholic church over books, the theater, the movies, and the press will appear next week.

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"Let those who have started this war finish it," said Cardinal O'Connell to a Boston Congress of Catholic Women eight months before Pearl Harbor. "It is not our affair."

When Hitler conquered France and a collaborationist regime was set up in Vichy, the Vatican rushed to the support of the aged Catholic leader, Pétain, and hailed the "spiritual rebirth of France." When Pétain gave back to the church many of the special ecclesiastical privileges which it had lost under the Republic, the church responded, even in the remote French islands of the Caribbean, by promoting Pétain at the expense of the resistance movement. In Spain, as Hughes points out, the Bishop of Madrid in 1944 issued an order which excluded all Frenchmen not loyal to Pétain from the Catholic chapel connected with the French embassy. At home most French Catholic leaders welcomed Pétain with open relish.

The psychology of that welcome has been described by Father Georges Didier, French Jesuit, writing in *America* for January 4, 1947:

> The defeat of 1940 appeared to all Frenchmen as a terrible, incredible catastrophe. But . . . the Catholic conservatives experienced a feeling of bitter triumph. For seventy years they had not ceased to warn that the Republic was leading it to disaster. For seventy years they had cried out that the pacifist illusions of the left were weakening the army, that divorce, birth control, atheistic schools were sapping the physical and moral resources of the nation. Thus it was that at the moment of sorrowful disillusionment many conservatives felt a strange exhilaration.

The "feeling of bitter triumph" and the "strange exhilaration" among French Catholics were so openly revealed that Father Didier acknowledges "the anguish that gripped us when certain Catholic leaders seemed to make submission to an oppressive and unpopular regime a matter of conscience." He admits the effectiveness of the Communist slogan: "The church supports Vichy! The church favors fascism!"

But the post-war French church rallied quickly, and the Vatican appointed a nuncio who had not been too friendly with the collaborationists. The French hierarchy threw its support to a new anti-Socialist political party, the M. R. P., which, as Father Didier says, "remained faithful to the spirit of Catholic Action, of which it was born." With De Gaulle's rise toward power, the French hierarchy, of course, is making another quick political shift.

The Vatican, in all these post-war moves, has been astute enough to choose its martyrs carefully and to drop an unsatisfactory martyr gently. When the Very Reverend Joseph Tiso, priest-president of Hitler's puppet state of Slovakia, first tried to build a Roman Catholic fascist state, he had the warm support of the Vatican; the Vatican radio said that "his intention to reconstruct Slovakia on a Christian plan is greatly welcomed by the Holy See. The reorganization of the state is to be based on the corporate system, on Christian lines, and modeled on the system which has proved so successful in Portugal." But when Tiso declared war on the United States, called for the deportation of all Jews, and cooperated enthusiastically in the murder of his democratic opponents, the Vatican grew cautious. It never excommunicated him, but it made no great effort to win clemency for Tiso before he walked to the gallows on April 18, 1947, clutching a rosary.

ON THE whole, the post-war policy of the Vatican has been little different from its pre-war policy. Most American church leaders continued to favor Franco after the war almost as enthusiastically as they had during the Spanish civil war, and the American diocesan press continued to carry eulogies. In Washington Catholic legislators formed a kind of pro-Franco bloc. Many of them supported the disastrous proposal to include Spain in the European Recovery Program. It was a nice sense of irony which led the New York *Times* correspondent in Washington to report on March 31 that the House of Representatives voted to include Franco's government in the Marshall Plan "less than an hour after the session had been opened with prayer by Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic University of America."

The Catholic church cooperated gladly with the new fascist dictatorship in Argentina when it was established in 1943, and it helped swing enough votes to Perón in the election of 1946 to give him the victory. He responded with a decree making the Roman Catholic religion part of the curriculum of the public schools. The church censors the school textbooks and supervises the published works on morals. The *Christian Century* of last June 8 quoted an illuminating passage from one of the Perón textbooks prepared by the Argentine hierarchy, *Manual de Instrucción Religiosa* (p. 145): "The children of Christians [Catholics] who have been married only by the civil authorities are illegitimate."

In return for the concessions which Perón has made to the church, the Argentine hierarchy has bestowed on him its effusive blessing. Eva Perón's recent tour of Europe, after she had been honored by Franco with the ancient decoration of "Isabella the Catholic," reached a climax in an audience with the Pope, which was followed by the announcement that the Pope had awarded her husband the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius IX. The New York *Herald Tribune* of June 25 said that Perón was hoping "with the aid of Spain and the Vatican, to build a third great bloc of nations capable of holding a balance of power as between the United States and Russia. This bloc is to be Latin, both in Europe and America,

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and the tie that binds it is to be a common faith in the Roman Catholic church."

Must we take this threat of a clerical-fascist international seriously? The answer is implicit in the record which I have reviewed. In the twenty-six years since Mussolini came to power the *deeds,* as distinguished from the *words,* of the Vatican have strengthened the conviction that it will gladly support a fascist international *so long as it is a clerical-fascist international.* In several great crises in Europe the Vatican has, through passive and active collaboration with fascism, thrown the balance of power against democracy. It has never spoken out against fascist dictatorship with one-tenth of the ferocity of its attack on communism. Committing itself against even democratic socialism, it has aligned itself with the most reactionary forces in Europe and Latin America. It is surely not an accident that the three chief fascist nations in the world today—Spain, Argentina, and Portugal—are all profoundly Catholic nations whose dictators have been blessed by the Pope and are conspicuously loyal to him.

The conclusion seems inescapable that if the Vatican is completely victorious in Italy, the resultant state will be a Portugal or a Spain, not a Western democracy. Some American liberals will say that Portugal and Spain are better off than Communist-controlled Poland, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia. Possibly. But there is more involved in the comparison than a mere statement of difference. In view of the Marshall Plan and its possible military epilogue, the questions which Americans must ask is whether the difference is (1) worth paying for; (2) worth dying for.

California's Third-Party Donnybrook

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, April 13

IN THE last few weeks a new political party—the Independent Progressive Party—has made its appearance in California politics. Contrary to the predictions of most political commentators, the I. P. P. managed to obtain 483,000 signatures on its petition to qualify as a political party. Of this total, 295,000 were found to be valid, which gave a small but comfortable margin over the minimum of 275,000 signatures required by law. Whatever one's attitude toward the third party, one must recognize the importance of this achievement. It was no small feat to get approximately half a million signatures, through amateur unpaid petition circulators, in a drive that lasted only five months. Though no breakdown of the signatures is yet available, it is apparent that the campaign was most successful in the large urban areas, particularly in Los Angeles County, where approximately one in every four voters signed the qualifying petition.

Those who seek to minimize the I. P. P.'s success have put forward several explanations for it, of which the one most often heard is that Republican voters signed the petition in a Machiavellian plot to embarrass and weaken the Democrats. Probably some Republicans did sign for this reason, but a study of editorials in the Republican press and of statements by leading Republicans reveals no organized strategy. At the outset the Republicans were of course gleeful over the announced intention of the I. P. P. to qualify as a third party, but approval soon gave way to concern about the possible impact of the move on California's cross-filing system, which the Republicans have skilfully manipulated to their advantage for many years. On sober, second thought, the Republicans generally backed away from the I. P. P., and its formation was strongly denounced by Governor Earl Warren and other leading officials. One simply cannot write-off the emergence of the I. P. P. as a Republican plot.

Still another fact underlines the importance of the I. P. P. achievement. The decision to qualify a third party, by and large, was not supported by the liberal Democrats in California, even by those who wanted Henry Wallace to enter the Democratic primaries. Here a bit of background is essential to an understanding of a rather complex situation. Shortly after the Henry Wallace mass-meeting in Gilmour Stadium in Los Angeles in May, 1947—a meeting attended by 30,000 people—a number of liberal Democrats, laborites, and left-wingers met at the home of Robert W. Kenny to discuss the possibility of organizing a Wallace delegation to the Democratic convention. A majority of the group thought that Kenny should take the lead and call a conference at which a Wallace delegation might be projected. The left-wingers urged this strongly and said nothing at that time about a third party. Accordingly, Mr. Kenny called a meeting in Fresno on July 19, 1947, out of which emerged a loosely knit organization known as Democrats for Wallace. No sooner had this organization made its debut, however, than the left wing decided, on August 1,

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to jettison it and organize a third party. This plan took definite form at a meeting in Los Angeles on August 24 attended by some four hundred delegates.

Bob Kenny and the liberal Democrats for Wallace were not among those present. They thought a third party likely to cause confusion in the Congressional campaigns and took no part in the drive to qualify the I. P. P. The base of the new party rests therefore on groups which in the past have been associated with two state-wide legislative conferences. Chief among these groups were the left-wing trade unions and the wing of the pension movement headed by Dr. Francis Townsend. The success of the I. P. P. signature campaign was due in no small measure to the Townsendites, who are trained and indefatigable petition circulators. I know of one elderly couple in Long Beach, ardent Townsendites, who obtained 5,000 names. The alliance between the left wing and Dr. Townsend is illustrated by the I. P. P.'s indorsement of a pension of $100 a month for all "senior citizens" sixty years of age or older. While Mr. Kenny and his Democratic associates did not actively oppose the I. P. P. campaign, Kenny insisted until the very end that a Wallace delegation should be entered in the Democratic primaries. The I. P. P. strategists and Mr. Wallace's advisers objected on the ground that a defeat for Wallace in the Democratic primaries would jeopardize the Wallace movement nationally. But events of the last few weeks have justified Kenny's consistent emphasis on the weakness of Truman. Today it is apparent that if a Wallace delegation had been organized, it would stand an excellent chance of winning in California.

ALTHOUGH the deadline for filing nominating petitions in the primaries expired on March 27, it is still difficult to show the distribution of third-party candidates in the state. Since the I. P. P. could not organize as a party until it knew whether it had qualified, it had scarcely time to work out a joint strategy on candidates with the liberal Democrats, and much confusion has resulted. However, I. P. P.-indorsed candidates will campaign in almost every Congressional district. Four candidates have cross-filed on the Democratic ticket, and ten Democrats have cross-filed with the Independent Progressives. Much the same situation prevails in the assembly districts.

The I. P. P.'s impact on the Democratic Party is strikingly shown by the absence of strong Democratic candidates in many of the Congressional districts. For example, the "regular" Democrats were unable to get a candidate to enter the Democratic primaries in the Sixteenth Congressional District against Ellis Patterson, who cross-filed on the I. P. P. ticket. The Sixteenth District is not a working-class district; it includes Beverly Hills, Brentwood, and Santa Monica. The Democratic Party's failure to produce a candidate to contest the nomination with Mr. Patterson, whose sympathies with Henry Wallace are well known, is some measure of its weakness. Similarly in the conservative Twentieth District in Los Angeles County the Democrats were unable to put up a real candidate, and William Esterman of the I. P. P., who cross-filed with the Democratic Party, may very well obtain the Democratic nomination. The net result of this situation is likely to be that the I. P. P., with pro-Wallace candidates in virtually every district, will roll up a heavy Wallace vote; in some districts these candidates will capture the Democratic nomination too.

Helen Gahagan Douglas

The imbroglio that developed over the candidacies of Chet Holifield and Helen Gahagan Douglas confirms the original misgivings of many liberal Democrats about the appearance of a third party. As the deadline for filing approached, the I. P. P. sent both candidates a peremptory wire summoning them to a meeting in Los Angeles. The invitations were declined. The I. P. P. then reconsidered and sent conciliatory wires to both candidates offering to support them, despite differences on some issues, if they would cross-file. Mr. Holifield and Mrs. Douglas nevertheless refused to do so. The I. P. P. was then forced, at the last moment, to enter candidates against them, but both these candidates filed only on the I. P. P. ticket. Cross-filing is widespread in California politics, and if one is to survive in such a system, no scruples should be entertained about doing it in any party. In the Thirteenth District Ned Healy wisely decided to cross-file, and here the I. P. P. withdrew its candidate.

THE strength of the I. P. P. cannot be gauged at this time. For one thing, the new party has had only a limited number of voters change their registration—the minimum necessary to prevent party nominations from being captured by marauding cross-filing Republicans. This requires week-by-week computations between now and the primaries of the number of voters who will register in the new party. In those districts where a suspiciously large number of voters have changed their registration the I. P. P. will be compelled to transfer an equal number of voters whose allegiance is assured. Most

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of these transfers will come of course from the Democratic Party. It is quite possible, in this complex situation, for the Republicans to capture an occasional I. P. P. nomination by having several hundred Republicans transfer into the new party at the last moment.

Another reason for uncertainty about the strength of the I. P. P. is that the petition drive unquestionably attracted a large number of generally discontented voters who signed as a protest and who cannot be regarded as orthodox Wallace supporters. If the Democrats nominate Truman, however, the I. P. P. vote for Wallace is likely to be in excess of the vote for the Democratic nominee in California. Should the Democrats nominate Eisenhower, it seems certain that he would seriously cut into the I. P. P. vote and carry the state. In the past the Republicans have been the principal beneficiaries of cross-filing, but their manipulation of the system has assured the existence of two parties, not three. If the I. P. P. is a confusing factor in the Congressional elections, it may prove to be a powerful weapon in the future against the confusion inherent in the cross-filing system.

The question arises, of course, as to just what the liberal Democrats who took part in the Democrats-for-Wallace movement will do now that the I. P. P. is a reality. If Truman is nominated, they will almost certainly support Wallace, though not within the framework of the I. P. P. Their attitude toward the new party is essentially ambivalent: they realize that it has great possibilities as a means of offsetting the confusion of the cross-filing system; on the other hand, they are wary of its present leadership. This, as I have said, is a curious amalgam of Townsendites and left-wingers, with such familiar liberal figures as Bartley C. Crum and Robert W. Kenny conspicuously absent. Obviously the dissolution of the Roosevelt coalition in California has been formalized with the emergence of the I. P. P., but the party, as such, represents only a fraction of the elements of the original coalition. While the I. P. P. is already a factor in California politics, it cannot become a major force until it wins over more of those elements. If liberal Democrats have no alternative they are likely to support the I. P. P. nominee. Thus the future of the I. P. P. will largely depend upon the outcome of the Democratic convention.

Love and Marriage in Russia

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Moscow, March 28

"LOVE" is a theme that interests all people in all countries, and when it was announced that a well-known lecturer, Professor Kolbanovsky, would speak on Love, Marriage, and the Family in Socialist Society, there was a record turn-out. The large hall of the Polytechnic was packed, and crowds milled outside, hoping against hope to buy a stray ticket.

An added reason for this great interest in the lecture was that some drastic new marriage and family legislation is now being considered by a special government committee. In reply to various questions about these laws—whether a married couple with a child or children would not be allowed to divorce in future, for instance—the lecturer said he did not know what the new laws would be, but he confirmed the report that the committee had started its work. The Soviet divorce laws were greatly stiffened in 1944, and he indicated that they would be stiffened still more. He spoke harshly of the disastrous effect on a child's mind of his parents' divorce, adding that "for living parents to create semi-orphans is an act of criminal baseness."

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He began by elaborating the theory that biological attraction between the sexes is common to all animals but that love is confined to human beings. Love had undoubtedly a "biological basis," he said, but what mattered above all was "the complex superstructure of spiritual, mental, and social processes that constitute love proper." A mere biological relationship between man and woman was something totally alien to the Communist outlook. So was the inferior status of women; yet for thousands of years of human history women had been kept in a degraded state. Woman had been treated as the slave or plaything of man; and both philosophers and the churches had sanctioned her degraded condition. Woman had always been the object of economic exploitation. In capitalist countries even today marriage was, first and foremost, a commercial deal, the lecturer asserted.

In Soviet society today there were still, he admitted, many deplorable survivals of the capitalist way of thinking and acting. Also, some vulgar and unworthy ideas on "free love" which flourished in the early days of the revolution—and which Lenin whole-heartedly condemned—had not yet been quite eradicated. Such revolting practices were unworthy of Soviet society. Some Russians still believed in the "theory" that man was by nature polygamous, and that only by changing the objects of his affection could he enjoy "eternal youth."

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This was not compatible with the lecturer's view of what the Soviet family should be. It was true, he said, that some marriages broke up because of monotony and boredom. "Variety" should therefore be provided by the wife herself. It was important, for instance, that the wife should develop and grow intellectually, that man and wife should acquire new interests, common interests, and that their interests should be closely linked with those of the country and the community.

A normal sex life was healthy and stimulating, but excesses and promiscuity led only to degradation. As for the "free love" theories, the lecturer recalled that there were indeed some "Marxist" theorists in the past who claimed that the family was a bourgeois institution and that the state should take charge of the children. No! said the lecturer. Socialism rejected this "stud farm" principle. Nor was the family a "property unit," as in bourgeois society, but a vital "social unit," and under socialism the monogamous family had a better chance than under any other system. Woman would be more and more freed of all drudgery and petty worries, her mental interest in her husband would increase, and that was a guaranty for a lasting association. The continuation of a successful physical relationship was not the most important thing in a happy marriage—whatever bourgeois psychologists said to the contrary.

While many marriages in Russia continued to go wrong, the number of sound, solid families was growing constantly, as distinct from America, where divorces were becoming more numerous yearly. And even under full communism this solid family life would go on; people would never renounce the great joy of bringing up their children, who gave both parents a second youth, and the family would become an ever-stronger unit under socialism and communism. Another peculiarity of Soviet society was, he said, that all conditions were being created for having an unlimited number of children; the economic reasons for birth control would be eliminated. Comradeship and the equal mental development of both parties were the essence of Socialist marriage.

Yet many people, even in Russia, had made a mess of their lives by marrying rashly. Bad old habits were dying hard. Those who were marrying in a flush of passion without caring whether such a marriage would last were acting irresponsibly. What led to the break-up of marriages? There was boredom. Or one of the partners might take a fancy or even develop a real love for somebody else. Unless this was something very serious, divorce should not be considered. Then there was jealousy—a bourgeois feeling based on instincts of property. Jealousy was a degrading feeling for all concerned and often led, without any real reason, to ugly and revolting "scenes" unworthy of Socialists. The sound family was a vitally essential institution for the state, for the education of the young, and for the country's productive capacity.

The chairman of the meeting was handed hundreds of written questions; those he considered worth answering he passed on to the lecturer. Some of the questions were on a "home chat" level—"What can I do to make girls like me?"—which the lecturer dismissed with a shrug; one was: "How many times can a man love in his life?" To this the lecturer replied, "One can love many, many people. There is no limit to the number of people one can love. I don't mean physically, of course. One can love everybody, except, of course, the enemies of our system." Another question said: "The family like the state needs a head; is not the system of dyarchy the cause of the widespread break-up of families?" The lecturer protested against this suggestion; in any case the disintegration of families in Russia today, he said, was not the rule but the exception.

Most of the chits handed in were not answered. But the lecture itself provided a useful background for the coming reforms.

O LOR! IT'S NOT EGGS HE'S AFTER THIS TIME - IT'S A BIT OF CHICKEN!

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Why I Advocate U. M. T.

BY WILLIAM L. BATT, JR.

NOBODY wants universal military training. Boys who would have to put in six months taking it after they leave high school want it, of course, least of all. Their families don't want it. Educators would like to see the same amount of money spent on more constructive types of education. Unions and union members don't want it; nor do farmers and farmer organizations.

But whether or not we *want* U. M. T. is not the question. We didn't want the draft act in 1940. Few of us were willing to leave our homes, our families, and our jobs, but when the little card came that said our neighbors had chosen us to serve in the army, we went. Not just because the law gave us the choice of submitting to the draft or going to jail. If we stopped to think about it, we realized that we went because our right to live out our lives as free men was being challenged.

Most of us supposed that after this war was over we should not have to meet the problem of preparedness again in our lifetime. We were not quite as starry-eyed as our fathers' generation, who after the last war thought they had made the world safe for democracy. We knew vast problems must be solved if we were to consolidate the great victory we had won. But we thought we could beat our swords into plowshares and devote our energies to achieving full employment and other social and economic gains for ourselves and the rest of the peoples of the world. One great step had already been taken by the time we got back from overseas—the establishment of the United Nations. Almost all of us had faith that the United Nations would be able to keep the peace.

But in the few short years since we got home we have seen our recent ally, Soviet Russia, pursue a course of aggression throughout the world. President Truman, in his message of March 17, listed the countries which have already gone under the hammer and sickle—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, eastern Germany, eastern Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Albania. Other nations—Finland, Italy, and perhaps the Scandinavian countries—are threatened, and inevitably we ask how the right of people to live out their lives in freedom is to be protected. Can we safeguard this right without the horrible waste of war? I am convinced that we can. But the task will not be easy. It will require real courage, a willingness to exercise leadership, and substantial sacrifice.

Few of us today have confidence in the capacity of the U. N. to keep even such a precarious peace as we still have. But this does not mean that the U. N. must be discarded. It means that we must build on the foundations of the U. N. a structure that does not depend on a coalition of great powers for its existence—one that derives its power from the consent of the governed, from the people and not from sovereign states. And we must give this new U. N. enough power to prevent war.

In a realistic view, however, any appreciable strengthening of the United Nations organization may take as long as two years. The pressing question, therefore, is how peace can be preserved in the interim.

The task is one that must be assumed very largely by the United States, because this country is the only one left in the free world that is strong enough to do the job. What will it require of us? First, we must strengthen Western Europe. To that end we are now in the process of launching the Marshall Plan, whose efficacy will depend in large measure on adequate appropriations and intelligent administration. Although this is primarily an economic measure, it carries with it a good deal of moral support for our friends in Western Europe. Food, economic rehabilitation, and moral support, however, are not enough. The Western democracies must have military guaranties against invasion—through the U. N. if possible, with the United States providing its quota of whatever force is necessary, or through the action of the great Western powers themselves if a Russian veto prevents action by the Security Council. Bernard Baruch, testifying for the Marshall Plan last January, said that America should "guarantee this union [of Western Europe] against aggression. By 'guarantee' I mean a firm promise to go to war in joint defense if any of them is attacked."

SUCH a purpose clearly means that we must restore our own military strength. Specifically it calls for the following:

1. *Supplies.* Adequate supplies of the most modern equipment and armaments known, either ready for use or, like the mothball fleet, easily put in commission. We should continue the manufacture and stockpiling of atomic bombs until the United Nations adopts some form of international control as effective as the Baruch plan. Our air force should be immediately rebuilt, as recommended by the President's Commission on Air Policy.

WILLIAM L. BATT, JR., a veteran of the last war, is research director of the Democratic National Committee. The case against U. M. T. was argued in these pages last week by Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College.

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2. *Plans.* We should quickly complete plans for the mobilization and training of all our forces—land, sea, and air. We should have, too, a comprehensive blueprint for industrial mobilization, with such knotty problems as requisitions for materials all worked out and draft contracts prepared.

3. *Intelligence and research.* We must have the best possible intelligence system worked out in advance, with as much of it as is feasible put into operation now. Our research staffs will have to be augmented.

4. *Personnel.* We should immediately bring our army, air force, and navy up to their authorized strength. And we need to enlarge the reserves and National Guard till they are more than just a shadow force.

Two years ago, while we were still looking at the problem of peacemaking through rose-colored glasses, Congress set the authorized strength of the armed forces at 1,730,000 men. We have been able to get only 1,300,000 through voluntary recruitment. There is only one way the 350,000-man shortage—assuming the two-year-old estimate to be adequate—can be made up, and that is through the temporary draft proposed by the President in his recent message to Congress.

The defense of the United States has traditionally been based on a small standing army and a large reserve. The draft act will take care of getting the regular armed forces back to their authorized strength. But our reserve and our National Guard today are in a sorry state. Their authorized strength is three million men, their actual strength two million. I had occasion recently to inquire into the enrolment of the National Guard in towns around Philadelphia which have National Guard contingents. Each contingent contained only from 10 to 20 per cent of its authorized number of men. If you ask the National Guard commander in your own home town, he will undoubtedly tell you the same thing.

The principal purpose of U. M. T. is to do for our reserve and our National Guard what the draft would do for our standing army. U. M. T. would provide a continual flow of trained young men into these forces. The only alternative to an adequate reserve and National Guard is a larger standing army and a permanent draft to supply the men.

U. M. T. as at present proposed would require eighteen-year-olds to take six months of military training, after they complete their high-school education, in the U. M. T. camp nearest their home. The training would be far better than that given to G. I.'s in the last war and would be supplemented by a number of desirable innovations—increased opportunities for education, more leeway for the individual in selecting the field in which he wants to specialize, participation of the men themselves in courts martial, and civilian status for the trainees. A number of choices are provided for the second six months. The men can go on to college and take R. O. T. C. courses; they can go into the regular army or navy; they can return home and join the National Guard or organized reserve; they can apply for West Point or Annapolis; or they can choose one of many other programs.

Some shortcomings in the proposed U. M. T. legislation require amendment. The outstanding defect is the lack of provision for those who cannot meet the mental and physical requirements. A National Education Association report states that 660,000 men were rejected in the last draft for educational deficiencies. The present bill might provide the education these boys need to carry their share of responsibility for the peace of the world. Provisions to bring the physically deficient up to par might also be included.

Segregation should not be permitted in the U. M. T. program. Not only is it unjust to the Negroes, but it deprives the country of their strength and their wholehearted cooperation.

WHAT are the principal objections to U. M. T. and the draft? The one you hear most is that atomic and biological weapons make existing forces obsolete. U. M. T. is said to be based on an outmoded belief in mass armies. But nobody is asking for a mass army, and U. M. T. would not provide one. According to General Bradley, Chief of Staff, when our forces were at their highest point in the last war, they were smaller than Soviet forces are today. We had 90 divisions then; the U. S. S. R. has 170 today, with 300 more in reserve. U. M. T. and a temporary draft will enable us to get up to 12 regular divisions, with 6 in reserve.

Our actual strength at present consists of 480,000 men in the navy and marines, 360,000 in the air force, and 550,000 in the army. Our authorized strength, which cannot be reached without the temporary draft requested by President Truman, is 350,000 men higher—divided about equally among the three services.

U. M. T. would provide a million men a year: one class would always be available, that in training or just through training. And instead of a poorly prepared, ill-equipped, over-age reserve of two million men, we should have a well-trained, young reserve of the desired three million. U. M. T. plus the draft would give us, for the defense of the free world, 1,730,000 men in the regular services and 3,000,000 in the reserve, as against 10,000,000 in the services during the last war.

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(According to General Eisenhower a war within the next three to five years would be very much like the last.)

Objection 2: air power alone can do the job. But Eisenhower has said that there is no possibility today of winning a war by air power alone, that the enemy's industry cannot be thoroughly destroyed until bases have been obtained close enough for fighter planes to protect the round-the-clock attacks. We need air power, of course, but air power alone is not enough any more than either the navy or the army alone is enough. Okinawa had to be taken by the army and marine corps—which in turn had to be landed by the navy—before it could become a base for the air force. The great air-force base at Foggia was won by the army and navy on the beaches of Salerno.

Objection 3: U. M. T. would militarize youth. The best refutation of this argument is the returned G. I. next door. Talk to any veteran you know, and if you find him a militarist, he's a rare bird.

Objection 4: the draft would be unnecessary if the army had not raised its standards over those of war time. This brings out a fact that has had little publicity. The army had to raise its intelligence standards because the I. Q.'s of the men brought in under the draft were higher than those coming in as volunteers.

Objection 5: why not raise the pay in the army, so enough men would volunteer? The army will never be able to compete with private industry for man-power in time of prosperity. The pay of privates has already been more than tripled since I drew my first army pay check in February, 1942. I got $21 a month; a private today gets $75. Only during a depression, when men are flat on their backs and will take anything, can recruiting sergeants compete with private industry.

Objection 6: why not let the veterans of the last war constitute our reserve? This amazing proposal was put forward by Henry Wallace in his testimony on U. M. T. The monstrous inequality of asking the men who defended the country before to do it again apparently escaped Mr. Wallace. It did not escape the ten million veterans now starting jobs, businesses, or professions—and families—four years behind schedule. Mr. Wallace's proposal was greeted with a loud Bronx cheer—even in the Twenty-fourth District.

We must preserve peace, and peace with freedom. We should take the lead in building the United Nations into an effective world federation, with an international police force to enforce its decisions, but until then we must depend on our own strength. From our own resources we must shore up the defenses of the free world. The Marshall Plan will do part of the job. It must be supplemented by military guaranties. Universal military training and the temporary draft proposed by President Truman are necessary to any program of preparedness: they are necessary to back up Western Europe's determination to remain free.

U. M. T. and the draft will not guarantee peace, but as key parts of a program for the defense of the free world they will give us a better than even chance of upholding the peace in the immediate future. Whatever they cost, they will be a small price to pay for that chance.

The Resistance in Indo-China

BY ANDREW ROTH

Saigon, March

I'VE lost my two favorite sons," said the round-faced old Viet Namese. "One of them died fighting for France against the Nazis, and the other was killed by the French while fighting for his country's freedom here."

The grim anomaly of these two deaths was explained for me by another Viet Namese who had been educated in Paris. "It is the misfortune of our intellectuals," he said, "to have acquired democratic and radical ideas during their education in France. When they try putting them into effect here they land in prison or else join a guerrilla band in the jungle fighting against the French." The death of the young man who fought for the liberation of his own country was really a logical sequel to that of his brother who fought against the enslavement of France by the Nazis. In both cases loyalty to French traditions demanded the supreme sacrifice.

The intellectuals of Indo-China have always shown a devotion to the democratic and revolutionary traditions of France far surpassing any feeling for Britain or the Netherlands shown by the colonial subjects of those countries. Members of the Indo-Chinese delegation in Paris in the summer of 1946 exhibited great enthusiasm for French culture, although several had undergone long prison terms and torture for their nationalist activities and all were against France's return on the old basis. I commented on this to President Ho Chi Minh of the Viet Nam Republic, who had been

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first a Socialist and then a Communist apprentice during long stays in Paris between 1913 and 1923 and had completed his training as the first Indo-Chinese student at Moscow's Oriental Peoples' University in 1923-24. He smiled and said: "It is natural that the revolutionary ideals which animated France in 1789 and 1871 should appeal to us. The only trouble is that they are not for export to the colonies."

One great French tradition has, however, been imported into Viet Nam, lock, stock, and barrel—the spirit of the war-time resistance movement. The Viet Namese guerrillas, fighting from the rim of besieged Saigon to the Chinese border, call themselves the *maquis* or *la Résistance,* and their French-language newspaper in the south is *La Voix du Maquis*. The words seem a natural borrowing, for they describe the same type of national effort as that put forth against the conqueror in France.

The feeling against French domination is almost as unanimous as the feeling was in France against the Nazi invaders. Virtually every experienced neutral observer estimates that the Ho Chi Minh government has the support of more than 80 per cent of the people. Of course there is a sprinkling willing to serve as a façade for continued French control. But the restoration of Bao Dai, ex-emperor of Annam, is likely to do even less for France in Indo-China than the Pétain regime was able to do for the Germans in France.

As in France the resistance here is a broad coalition. It contains Nationalists, Catholics, Democrats, Socialists, Communists, and people without political affiliations. No party predominates either in Ho Chi Minh's Cabinet in the north or in the Executive Committee for Nambo (southern Indo-China). When a regional committee for the south was first set up in August, 1945, three of the seven members were Communists; now only one is. The president of the Executive Committee, Pham Van Bach, is a French-educated doctor of law who belongs to no party. The vice-president, Pham Ngoc Thuan, is a Roman Catholic and a French citizen, born in Indo-China, who has spent ten years in France. The only Communist on the committee is Ung Van Khiem, the Commissioner of Interior, a former journalist. The Commissioner of Economy, Kha Van Can, educated as an engineer, was the most successful industrialist in the south before he left Saigon to join the *maquis*. The Commissioner of Propaganda, Pham Thieu, a Socialist, was a college teacher in Saigon. The resistance army of the south is under the command of the one-eyed General Nguyen Binh, a lifelong member of the old Nationalist Party, or Viet Nam Quoc Dan Dang, sometimes called the Indo-Chinese Kuomintang. The secretary general, Tran Buu Kiem, is a member of the Democratic Party, now the largest party in Viet Nam.

Viet Nam's two million Catholics have split along the same lines as the Catholics did in war-time France. The hierarchy, French by birth, is trying to mobilize support for France. The lower clergy, almost entirely native born, sides largely with the people and the resistance. When I dined with General Boyer de la Tour, commander of the French troops in Cochin-China, several weeks ago, he boasted of the "Catholic brigade" he was activating to defend "Christian civilization" in Indo-China. But later he mentioned that the Sureté had just arrested a Viet Namese Catholic priest who taught French literature at a small college for being the secretary of an underground resistance unit in Saigon. Last November a well-known Catholic priest, Father Nguyen Ba Sang, head of the Catholic resistants, was arrested by a Moroccan patrol—the French here, like Franco, are using Moors to save Christianity.

FRENCH propaganda services used to pretend that the Viet Namese *maquis* was solidly Communist, hoping thereby to alienate American support. Recently they have admitted that 70 per cent of the active resistants are simple nationalists, 30 per cent members of the Viet Minh—a contraction of League for the Independence of Indo-China—which the French classify as "Communist." More impartial observers agree that the Viet Minh is Communist-dominated but say it also contains Socialists, Trotskyists, and others. An extremely intelligent and moderate nationalist, closely in touch with the resistance, estimates that the movement is about 15 per cent Communist, while an experienced neutral diplomat declares, "There aren't more than two or three thousand real Communists in all Indo-China."

Communists, however, are the hard core of the resistance here—as they were in France—because they are the best-organized group and have had considerable experience in underground activity. They were the pioneers in the modern nationalist movement, and Ho Chi Minh has played in his own country much the same role that Sun Yat-sen played in China. But it is clear that Ho Chi Minh's experience in China has convinced him that the Communists must be kept in the background to avoid friction within the nationalist camp. He is responsible for dissolving the Communist Party—it is now replaced by a "Marxist Study Circle"—and for keeping a large majority of the posts in his government in the hands of men of other parties. His caution and careful consideration of all elements in the nationalist movement will make it very difficult for the French to split the 70 per cent of simple nationalists away from him by setting up a new puppet regime headed by ex-Emperor Bao Dai.

One of the top French officials in Indo-China told me recently that at least half of the rebels would go over to the Bao Dai regime, and that desertions had, indeed, already begun. When pressed to name a single important figure of the resistance who had deserted, he

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suggested, with a knowing look, that several of the passengers going to Hongkong the next day to see Bao Dai before his departure for Europe were fresh from the resistance. The Air France passenger list showed he was wrong. It included General Nguyen Van Xuan, president of the regime set up by the French in Cochin-China, several others who have long been intermediaries between the French and Bao Dai, a few business men, and a high-class courtesan, but only one man who could even remotely be considered a real nationalist, and he had never been with the resistance.

The desertions seem to be almost entirely from the other side. A group of eight Viet Namese recently returned from advanced studies in France—engineers, physicians, and a doctor of philosophy. In a few weeks six were with the *maquis*. A large number of the senior class at the French-run military academy at Dalat went into the *maquis* soon after graduation. Recently patients trying to see the two best and highest paid Viet Namese doctors in Saigon have found no one at home. The doctors and their assistants have slipped through the French cordon around Saigon and made their way to rebel territory. A successful Saigon doctor makes 20,000 piasters ($2,800) or more a month and has a fine house and a retinue of servants. When he goes into the *maquis* he, like all the others, has to wear the traditional peasant's black cotton, walk barefoot, and sleep on the ground without a mosquito netting. That requires conviction.

Perhaps the most dramatic disappearance was that of Commandant Albert, a French citizen born in Indo-China who was known as the first officer of colonial origin to rally to the Free French movement. He served with General de Gaulle all through the war and early last fall was appointed chief of Cantho province. In November he vanished from his post, and the French radio suggested that he had been kidnaped by the *maquis*. Later the resistance radio announced proudly that Commandant Albert had come over and taken command of the ninth military zone.

WITH the world and its newspapers absorbed in other things, little is heard about the dauntless heroism of the Viet Namese resistance. Many of the stories still cannot be told. There would be danger of giving someone away if one said much about the graceful, young Viet Namese girls who have left their sheltered lives to act as underground couriers. And one can hardly bear to speak of the thirteen-year-old youngster who was caught with an underground newspaper and tortured by electric shocks sent through contacts at both elbows but never gave away what he knew.

A story about the central prison in Saigon is illustrative, though not sensational. Most of the three thousand prisoners there are political. They are not permitted paper or ink, but I have before me a beautifully illustrated publication, the *Voice of the Prison*, whose letter press is so carefully drawn that it looks as if it were printed. At the end of November nineteen prisoners, including two women, who had been condemned to death for fighting the French went on a hunger strike, demanding to be treated as prisoners of war. They were joined by all the other prisoners, among whom were 200 women and some 50 youngsters under fifteen. Not till they had gone twelve days without eating was their case considered by the authorities.

Because this is a war to the death, the Viet Namese use terror as a weapon. One Saturday night a car raced up Saigon's café-lined main street, Rue Catinat. As it passed a bar crowded with French soldiers a grenade was hurled from it, to explode among the marble-topped tables. A second and a third bar received the same treatment; then the car sped away uncaught, leaving behind almost a score of wounded. It made the French in Saigon as jumpy as the Nazis once were in French cities where the underground was working. About the same time a group of armed Viet Namese entered a government-sponsored opium den—called here a "disintoxication clinic"—approached a man reclining with an opium pipe on one of the hard wooden pallets, and shot him dead. The victim of this summary justice was a Viet Namese who had been tried for treasonable dealings with the French by a military court of the *maquis* and found guilty. He had refused to appear before the court, but his sentence had been carried out by the execution squad in Saigon. Sometimes the justice is not only summary but grisly. The body of the victim may be badly mutilated, apparently because of the superstition that disfiguring the dead is double vengeance.

In discussing these attacks Dr. Tran Van Giau, a former professor who was one of the founders of the resistance movement in the south, said to me: "We're determined that the French shall not live on as masters in Viet Nam. When we find Frenchmen in cafes or hotels or cinemas, we throw a grenade without making a distinction between civil and military. We naturally don't try to kill women or children, but if they are caught in such a group, *tant pis*. Many of our leaders have been tortured to death after arrest by the French. If we take a village and are forced to withdraw, they burn the village and kill its inhabitants. If we attack a convoy, they shoot ten or twenty of the people in the vicinity. We at least take prisoners, but the French consider our soldiers criminals and usually shoot them on the spot."

There is one important difference between the Viet Namese *maquis* and that of war-time France. The French would not rest until the last Nazi was driven out. The Viet Namese are still willing to accept independence within the French Union. But the French had better talk fast.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Pendergast Machine

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PENDERGAST MACHINE BY THE MAN WHO SMASHED IT. By Maurice Milligan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THIS story of the rise and reign, the ruin and resurrection of the Kansas City Pendergast machine is a campaign document. Very obviously, it was not meant to improve President Truman's chance on the first Tuesday in November—assuming, that is, that he does get the Democratic nomination. The very timing of its publication underscores its political nature. But it is a solid book none the less.

Maurice Milligan, who as United States district attorney for western Missouri smashed the machine a dozen years ago, makes no secret of his opinion of the political affiliations of his fellow-Democrat and fellow-Missourian. Further, he cannot look back with satisfaction on the way in which Bob Hannegan of St. Louis came to Harry Truman's support in the 1940 primary and thus ended the author's own hope for the Senatorial nomination. Nor can he forget that the President refused to reappoint him to his federal post. In a sense the President asked for what, in this book, he gets.

It is not particularly surprising therefore that Mr. Milligan all but takes back the statement he made some years ago to Senator Hatch that during his investigation of the Kansas City vote frauds "at no time did the finger of suspicion point in the direction of Senator Truman." No matter how many of its ward-heelers were sent to the penitentiary, Mr. Truman never disassociated himself from the organization. Even in the White House, Harry Truman made a great show of sending his dues to 1,908 Main Street, Kansas City. He had his $6 check and the accompanying letter photographed by the press. And as vice-president he flew to Boss Tom's funeral.

Whether it is sound politics to stick by the organization through thick and thin, whether it is a fine demonstration of loyalty not to turn on a disgraced friend are points on which opinions will vary. Certainly they are not the ultimate tests of Harry Truman as a public servant. But they are facts the voter is entitled to know. This book is more than just a gob of political mud. For the most, it is an important case study in American politics, a first-hand account of a courageous defense of democracy.

The last part of the book is the most timely. It is the account of the revival of the Pendergast machine under boss Tom's nephew, Jim, of the Democratic primary fight in Missouri's Fifth District two years ago and the scandals which flowed out of that. It does not take much of a memory to recall the President's interest in the defeat of Representative Slaughter by Enos Axtell, but non-Missourians may not be very familiar with the sequel.

Axtell won a bitter fight by a mere 2,700 votes. He carried the Pendergast wards, 12,104 to 2,072. Those figures were altogether out of line, and an unofficial investigation quickly turned up numerous indications of fraud. In two precincts, for example, not a single vote was marked up for Slaughter. Yet it was easy enough to obtain affidavits from citizens who asserted that they had voted for him.

This smelled mightily like "the good old days." But the new federal attorney, Sam Wear, and his superior, Attorney General Clark, seemed reluctant to plow into the mess. The Federal Bureau of Investigation made only a limited probe. The new county prosecuting attorney, James J. Kimbrell, however, was more persistent. A Senate committee, under Homer Ferguson of Michigan, also took an interest. Then on May 27, 1947, the Jackson County grand jury returned seventy-one indictments with the comment that a scientific examination of the ballots probably would produce evidence of additional fraud. That night the telltale ballots were stolen from a courthouse vault. The FBI has not yet solved this key crime in what the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has called "a national humiliation."

This Kansas City story is in sharpest contrast with the one Maurice Milligan himself wrote after President Roosevelt and the then Attorney General Homer Cummings asked him in 1934 to accept the job of cleaning up what Cummings called "one of the three hottest spots in the United States." In alliance with John Lazia and his underworld killers, with notorious gaming, vice, and dope interests as well as with some of the pillars of the community, old Boss Tom then was at the height of his power. He had all but taken over the state government in Jefferson City, and through his influence in Missouri politics he was reaching toward Washington.

It took not only very real physical courage but also legal skill of a high degree to break up that combination. Mr. Milligan, fortunately, had both. He found an old post-Civil War federal statute which provides that "if two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution of the United States, or because of his having exercised the same . . . they shall be fined not more than $5,000 and imprisoned not more than ten years. . . ." Since voters had been intimidated as well as corrupted, since their ballots had been thrown away without being counted, and since votes had been cast in the names of non-existent persons to offset ballots legitimately marked, Mr. Milligan believed that the federal law had been violated. So did judges and juries. In the end more than two hundred Pendergast henchmen were convicted.

Perhaps even more interesting is the story of the Missouri fire-insurance scandal. Early in the 1920's State Insurance Commissioner Hyde put a blanket rate cut into force after a long court fight; but late in 1929 the companies informed his successor, Joseph B. Thompson, that they were pushing the rates up again—by 16⅔ per cent, in fact. Thompson sought injunctions in both the state and the federal courts. As a result the companies were allowed to collect the additional money, but it was impounded pending settlement of the issue

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By 1935 the sum held in the federal court alone amounted to more than $9,000,000. In May of that year the new insurance commissioner, Robert Emmett O'Malley, a Pendergast man, signed a compromise agreement with Charles R. Street, representative of the fire-insurance companies. The companies were to get 80 per cent of the impounded money, and the policy-holders 20 per cent. It may not have looked very good to the policy-holders, but it seemed on the up and up and actually won court approval.

Rumors, however, multiplied, and they finally led Mr. Milligan to photostatic copies of some mysterious six-figure checks in the files of the collector of internal revenue. The intelligence unit of that department put one of its best men, Rudolph Hartmann, on the case for him. It is hard to resist a reporter's itch to tell this story in all its details. It is the most illuminating whodunit that I know, but since it is all in Mr. Milligan's book, I need only say here that through Street and a St. Louis insurance broker named McCormack the big companies had actually paid more than $460,000 to T. J. Pendergast for this settlement. And they had agreed to pay more. No income-tax returns had been filed, and so Boss Tom came to follow his henchmen to Leavenworth.

He pleaded guilty, as Mr. Milligan writes, to avert "open court testimony on his financial rake-offs from the diverse activities of his political machine." And he adds that "too many prominent persons in Kansas City would have been embarrassed had the whole sordid story of the Pendergast machine been drawn from the witness stand."

But it is inconceivable that the prosecutor who perfected the cases of vote fraud and income-tax evasion should not have tried to learn the whole story. So it is that Mr. Milligan writes virtually a full biography of the Boss, beginning with his early days in pioneer St. Joe, following him to his brother's Kansas City saloon and on into ward politics all the way to 1,908 Main and to Leavenworth. Since the writer is one of those old-fashioned Missouri "country lawyers" who respect honesty as the first of virtues, there is a convincing quality of indignation in his writing, even if it is not very elegant. The book musters fact after fact, and out of it comes the picture of the Kansas City alliance of corruption and respectability that did not stop even at murder in the public streets.

Certainly in Kansas City they had gone about as far as they could go. They played with bullets and laughed at ballots. But also there were Missourians with a hard-working honesty that restored the golden shine to the copybook maxims about democracy.

That the President of the United States should have had even a vicarious connection with this story is regrettable. But the problem which this raises is not a new one in American politics. Other Presidents have had machine backing. One likes to believe that they were elected despite rather than because of it.

ERNEST KIRSCHTEN

America, 1847

A SARMIENTO ANTHOLOGY. Domingo Faustino Sarmiento. Translated from the Spanish by Stuart Edgar Grummon. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Allison Williams Bunkley. Princeton University Press. $5.

STUDENTS seeking to know what the United States looked like one hundred years ago ordinarily go to the work of European observers. De Tocqueville, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Trollope are most frequently quoted, and their attitude as persons coming from capitals of the then civilized world to look at a new governmental experiment is accepted as typical.

Testimony from another point of view is now available in excellent English translation, and it helps to redress the balance. Domingo Faustino Sarmiento was a young statesman, educator, writer who came here from what he obviously regarded as the decayed colonialism of South America. He arrived in 1847 with enormous expectations; if any of them were dashed, the bits and pieces are not included in this anthology. A man of active intelligence and ambition, he had played a part in Argentina's efforts to free itself from dictatorship and had been exiled for his pains. His South America was struggling to establish representative governments similar to that of the United States, "because the only stable republic, the United States of America, powerful, happy, and free, had taken that form; for people do not accept abstract ideas without the form that hard facts have given them."

Sarmiento's first impression was that "the United States is without precedent, a sort of extravaganza that at first sight shocks and disappoints one's expectations because it runs counter to preconceived ideas. Yet this inconceivable extravaganza is grand and noble, occasionally sublime, and always follows its genius. It has, moreover, such an appearance of permanence and organic strength that ridicule would ricochet from its surface like a spent bullet off the scaly hide of an alligator. That social body is no misshapen being, no monster of known species, but rather a new creature, the offspring of a political generation, as strange as the fossil monsters whose bones are still being uncovered."

As a visitor to Soviet Russia might look to the small towns as possibly more typical than Moscow, so Sarmiento sought the American village. His description of its white-spired church, its upright gentlemen in broadcloth, its stores and its buggy wheels shining with fresh paint, is the best testimony available to the bountiful prosperity of the surrounding agriculture and small industry.

The Argentinian's comments touch schools and marriage, hotel manners and the sprawling national capital, as well as the excellences of governmental ideals. He found the American woman of 1847 gay and free until she was married; then, "after viewing Niagara Falls, bathing in the hot springs of Saratoga, visiting a hundred cities and traveling three thousand miles in a fortnight, the couple returns, weak, dazzled, and happy, to the sanctified boredom of their home. The wife has said goodby forever to the world, whose pleasures she so long and so freely enjoyed. . . . Henceforth, for life, the closed domestic asylum is her prison; roast beef stares her constantly in the face; the teeming, blond, frolicsome children are her constant torment; and an uncivil but good-natured husband, perspiring by day and snoring by night, her accomplice and solace."

He notes the national passion for travel, and his praise of the palatial steamboats then plying principal rivers

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contrasts with his picture of their competitors, the fragile railroads, which ran delicate carriages all of thirty miles an hour. With an insight denied many Americans of his day he saw in slavery "the deep, incurable sore that threatens gangrene to the robust body of the Union. . . . A racial war of extermination will come within a century, or else a mean, black, backward nation will be found alongside a white one—the most powerful and cultivated on earth."

The book's nostalgic charm is compelling, but this is more than the verbal equivalent of a collection of Currier and Ives prints. Sarmiento, who became President of Argentina and was perhaps prouder of his reputation as an educator, spoke from the vantage point of one brought up amid the dust of empire. His comments on the effort of South American countries to find a form of government more admirable than the one under which they had spent centuries still explain many things about his continent. In 1948 they also shed light upon the struggles of other peoples brought up under other empires which now show signs of following Spain into the Nirvana of spent governmental forms. MILDRED ADAMS

The Rebel as Catholic

PEGUY AND LES CAHIERS DE LA QUINZAINE. By Daniel Halévy. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

DANIEL HALEVY fought by the side of Péguy in the great battles of the Dreyfus case. He had his difficulties—who had not?—with the stubborn and some would say perverse editor, pamphleteer, and poet; but the depths of his admiration and affection were not disturbed. In 1914, just before the war, he wrote an essay ranking Péguy, prophetically, among "the New Masters." This essay, after Péguy's death, became a book (1918). In 1940 the book was expanded and rewritten. Now it appears in a remarkably good (anonymous) translation.

The moment is propitious. There is again a cleavage among the intellectuals. Those Catholics who did not share in the ignominy of Pétain are in the ascendant: Mauriac, Maritain, Bernanos, Claudel—De Gaulle himself. And Péguy, mystic and patriot, is their saint. The Péguy cult, although by no means nation-wide, is no mere chapel. Péguy is indeed a godsend: a paradoxical conservative. Essentially, he defends the wisdom of prejudice, the Eternal Verities as of 1431. But he does so with a freshness and a vehemence which make liberalism, rationalism, radicalism, modernism seem commonplace and old-fashioned.

Péguy started from the extreme left. He dedicated his earlier "Joan of Arc" "to all men and women who have lived and died to establish the Universal Socialist Republic." This is not in contradiction with his later creed. Human brotherhood is not incompatible with the love of one's native soil, and Christianity is in deeper harmony with socialism than with the profit motive. At the height of the Dreyfus Affair, Péguy was still with the revolutionists. On the great nineteenth of November, 1899, when Dalou's Triumph of the Republic was inaugurated, Péguy felt intensely with the Parisian masses: "The whole faubourg came down into the night, a mighty surge with no trace of bitter feeling." But with the banner: *"Ni Dieu ni maître."*

Then came the frustration. Dreyfus was not vindicated but "pardoned"; and in the interest of the army that bourgeois militarist accepted the shameful compromise. The "incident" was declared closed. The *petits-bourgeois* Dreyfusists exploited their mangled and soiled victory for their own selfish ends. The service of justice became a pork barrel. Worst of all, Jaurès, the ardent prophet, capitulated—not, like Millerand and Briand, to the bourgeois order but to nominal Marxian orthodoxy. He placed the unity of the party above his conscience. He accepted a dogma in which he, as a scholar and a sociologist, could not possibly believe. He submitted to a rigid discipline which admitted no freedom of thought. French socialism, true to its origins from Rousseau to 1848, had been a moral urge and a faith: Marx imposed the Prussian spirit upon the socialist religion and called it "scientific realism." Jules Guesde, the disciple of Marx, reduced the generous life of French socialism to a machine.

It was against that betrayal that Péguy, a generous, indomitable soul, rebelled. He abandoned the party—the radical republic, united socialism—to preserve the spirit. A fighter, he turned fiercely against everything his former friends held sacred. To him, rationalism, scientific materialism, petty politics, regimented socialism became equally abhorrent because they embodied timidity of thought and meanness of soul. So he sought refuge, as the romanticists had done after the great Revolution, in the past, in the church, in a glow of mysticism. I am not impugning his motives. But his perversity—in the sense of "contrariness"—is no less manifest than his faith is sincere. He called himself a Catholic, out of conviction, but also out of defiance, because it would scandalize and enrage the profiteers of Dreyfusism, the tame socialists, the "intellectuals" with their gray, cast-iron "free thought." He did it as I would call myself a Communist today if I could honestly do so, in order to protest against the dull tyranny of the unthinking, in order to slap Babbitt's chubby, vacuous face. The revival of the German menace, years later, accelerated his return to tradition: Clemenceau himself, a much more vigorous

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character than Péguy, was carried by the same irresistible stream.

The tragic paradox in Péguy's evolution is that his Catholicism had its roots in rebellion. He had gone over to Catholicism to save his freedom. so he wanted to be a Catholic in his own way. It cannot be done. Catholicism, when it comes to absolute discipline, could teach Marxism a few lessons. The flock must be guided by the shepherds; and the shepherds themselves are ruled by an authority which is no mere individual dictatorship but a force grown with the ages, collective, massive, formidable. By 1914 Péguy had not yet fully submitted. He was at heart a Lamennais. No wonder his idol was Joan of Arc, the saint, who maintained the validity of her own individual visions against the church, and whom the church inevitably condemned. The conservatives, until he was safely dead, did not understand and did not trust him, and he was not happy among them, any more than Léon Bloy or Bernanos. The difficulties would have led to a crisis had not fate granted him a hero's death; and granted him the greater boon—to have sung in advance his own magnificent dirge, one of the supreme poems in the language: *Heureux ceux qui sont morts dans les grandes batailles. . . .*

I belong to Péguy's generation. I have shared his first exaltation and suffered from the same wounds. I admire his art also, unique, tricky (consciously so), the wilful endless repetitions of his prose, with minute variations (a missing link between human speech and Gertrude Stein), the interminable even flow of quatrains in "Eve," the great soliloquies in the "Mysteries." He is unique in temperament, thought, and form. He is of Pascal's brood, but an eccentric descendant. He is a glorious accident, a *lusus naturae,* a miracle if you please. He is not, he cannot be, a master. To bring up the young in the Péguy orthodoxy would be an outrageous absurdity. Judged by the standards of sanity, he was repeatedly wrong. Lavisse, the shrewd academician, whom he despised for his worldly success, his perfect "career," actually had a more usable, a better mind. Jaurès, although bogged in politics, had a greater heart. We cannot forget that Péguy asked for the assassination of Jaurès as Maurras for the assassination of Blum—his hand aimed, if it did not fire, the weapon. His patriotism is a caricature of the worldwide fraternal spirit which had filled his romantic masters—Michelet, Hugo. He does affect to believe that God is a Frenchman, or fulfils Himself through the French: *Gesta Dei per Francos.* As a son, student, and lover of France, I am repelled by this tribalism; I would leave it to the Old Testament, or to the Nazis. Even his worship of Joan of Arc bears the mark of that delusion. More Catholic than Rome, I cannot believe that God Himself took sides in the quarrel between Valois and Lancaster.

Vichy tried to capture the fame of Péguy: *"il ne l'a pas volé"*—a condign punishment. He would, of course, have spurned Pétain and followed De Gaulle: he had the sense of *grandeur.* But admiration for talent and character does not imply servile assent. Free thought remains the indispensable instrument. Against the free thinkers, no doubt; but also against the traditionalists and against the mystics.

ALBERT GUERARD, SR.

Fiction in Review

ALTHOUGH one hesitates to accuse a presumably serious author of writing with his tongue in his cheek, there is something in the quality of Hiram Haydn's "The Time Is Noon" (Crown, $3.50) and in the relation it bears to the same author's first novel, "By Nature Free," published just five years ago, which suggests that Mr. Haydn is not entirely unaware of playing on the less estimable susceptibilities of the contemporary reading public. I have seldom read a novel which seems so knowingly to combine all the features which a certain section of present-day critical opinion looks for in its "important" fiction. There is, in the first place, the length of Mr. Haydn's novel, 560 full pages, than which there is, obviously, no better proof of the energy of genius. There is the pretension to social history, so attractive to current taste: "The Time Is Noon" is set in 1929 and put forward as the documentation of an era; actually, however, aside from a few topical references, the dating of the story is irrelevant. There is the remarkable balance Mr. Haydn achieves between sensationalism and the appeal to morality: despite the fact that the period is 1929, when the problems of left-wing and liberal politics touched but a tiny minority of the American population. Mr. Haydn gives these concerns the proportion and emphasis demanded by our own day, placing his discussions of racial tolerance, Communist tactics, and so on in saving alternation to the sexual chapters, whose appeal is perhaps less high-minded. There is the nature of the sex itself, of precisely the sort which currently passes for the profoundest psychological insight—perverse or morbid sex, especially slanted in the direction of sadism. Finally there is Mr. Haydn's prose, of which the following is typical:

> Lathrop stood up and turned. She was so smooth. That was his first impression—one of an almost lacquered smoothness. Very small but beautifully made, beautifully dressed. And in spite of her smallness—not little, not delicate or miniature, just smooth and perfect. The flicker of a smile appeared in her eyes as she bowed, and Lathrop looked away, a little embarrassed.
>
> "Stone?" she repeated. Her voice was slightly husky. "Stone?" . . .
>
> She lowered her eyelids briefly, giving her the effect of Da Vinci's Saint Anne, Lathrop thought. What a beautiful death mask her face would make!

But lest writing like this be too readily recognized for the sogginess it is, Mr. Haydn every so often introduces an impressionistic interlude:

> Childhood is the cruelest time, breeding monsters out of the young babes, mixing resentment and mastery, stirring dull minds with spring hate. Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me, happy birthday, dear myself, happy birthday to me. . . . As we know that a thorough psychological analysis of this impulse has not as yet been successfully done, we may assume that feelings of cruelty emanate from the mastery impulse and appear at a period in the sexual life before the genitals have taken on their later role. This feeling then dominates a phase of the sexual life which we shall later describe as the pregenital organization. It is known as the children's hour.

This we must no doubt recognize as the guaranty of his literacy and imaginative power. Here, in short, is no ordinary

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pot-boiling but a rather more complicated and distasteful phenomenon—a work of fiction designed to make its popular way by gratifying all the uneasy ambitions of current art and morality.

When I wrote about Mr. Haydn's first book upon its appearance in 1943, I indicated that, while it fell far short of what a novel should be, it was an unmistakably earnest effort. Indeed, what was chiefly disturbing in "By Nature Free" was its excessive emotion of social responsibility, its exaggerated demand that man make himself worthy of the democratic dispensation. But even the theoretical knowledge that such extremes of feeling are likely to disguise their opposites scarcely prepared me for Mr. Haydn's quick wide swing from this earlier commitment. That behind so much idealism lay so much cynicism is startling enough; but that Mr. Haydn's idealism also covered the kind of vulgarity that is betrayed in "The Time Is Noon" is truly painful.

This department seldom mentions mystery novels, but I do want to bring to your attention Bruce Hamilton's "Hanging Judge" (Harper, $2.50). I enjoyed it enormously, and friends who know the field better than I do confirm my feeling that it is an unusually satisfying job. Written by an Englishman, "Hanging Judge" is quiet, spare, entirely unpretentious, thoroughly educated and intelligent. It has quick bits of vivid characterization of English "types" which will remind you of early Hitchcock, and courtroom scenes which are models of pointed brevity.

DIANA TRILLING

Verse Chronicle

THE most successful early poems of R. P. Blackmur were modeled on those of Yeats. Their style was at once too open and too objectively limited for the material and temperament of the poet—and it was someone else's conquest to begin with, something you yourself can extend but not appropriate. Many of Mr. Blackmur's later poems were written as the man in the story played the violin, by main force; they seemed to me interesting as an awkward, tortured, all too sincere diary, but surprisingly unsuccessful as works of art. But several of the poems in "The Good European" (Cummington Press, $5) are successful, and most of them are interesting. They are written in a style that is partly an extension of the night side of Hopkins, partly a sort of lowest common denominator of "the" traditional English poetic style, and partly no style at all, speech whose extraordinary awkwardness or strain is a guaranty of truth or the intention of truth.

These are poems of the most extreme situations possible, of a constricted, turned-in-upon-itself, contorted, almost tetanic agony: the poet not only works against the grain of things, but the grain is all knots. Sometimes the poems rise into one of Hopkins's gasps of kinesthetic ecstasy: "wild waste winnowing." But usually they are trapped in the middles, not the endings, of Hopkins's "terrible sonnets," or in the even more terrible middles-without-end of the unfinished poems, or—most of all—in the letters: in Hopkins's isolated capitalized sentence "BUT WHAT DOES ANYTHING AT ALL MATTER?" The "winch" from which Hopkins's skylark unwound its song has changed into the rabbit's "small ear-flattened, brown, zigzagging anguished winch of sound," as the crow kills it. Sometimes the pain is too pure to be art at all, and one is watching the nightmare of a man sitting in the midst of his own entrails, knitting them all night into the tapestry which he unknits all day. But there is in the poems none of that horrible relishing complacency with which so many existential thinkers insist upon the worst; the poems try desperately for any way out, either for the Comforter—*some* sort of comforter—or else for that coldest comfort, understanding. Some of the most successful poems have quasi-theological "happy endings" in which there emerges from the machine not God but the Name of God, the "necessary, upwelling swaddling cry" of hope. (Compare the endings of "The Three Sisters," "Uncle Vanya," and "Gusev.") But the main subject of the poems is evil: evil as such, a real, final evil; so they are not Christian poems at all. Real evil is what is arbitrarily *so* in the universe, all that is undeserved and irremediable; but in Christianity evil is inherent neither in God nor the universe but springs full-armed, unexplained and unexplainable, from the Fall (of Lucifer and of man); and so long as *we* are to blame for evil, so long as God is free from it—free to save us from the evil which we are and have deserved to be—real evil, final evil, simply does not exist. It is peculiarly grotesque that Christians should be so fond of condemning "secular thinkers" for *their* disregard of evil. Perhaps Buddhists should have sent more missionaries to the West.

Mr. Blackmur's poems are troubling, difficult, and serious poems; one needs a good deal of time to get used to them—and they are printed, quite elabor-

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ately, in an extraordinary type one has almost to learn to read. Readers are most likely to be repelled by their stubborn awkwardness; their crudities, their sometimes barbarous word-twisting; their nightmarish unpleasantness; their echoes. But the awkwardness is that persisted-in folly which becomes wisdom; the crudities ruin some poems and flaw others, but in the best poems disappear or are incidental; the nightmarishness is that of our world; and the echoes are either inconsequential (like the variations, on page 18, on the Epitaph of another stray, still-born philosopher) or the consequences of using Hopkins as a source, pretty much as the metaphysicals used Donne (The Light Left On is a clear, almost slavish example). The poems do not lend themselves to quotation, but I will quote the end of a poem which will surely move anyone, The Rape of Europa:

. . . The muck she lies in mocks the muck of birth,
and what is born lies blameless in her lap.

Horror got out of horror may yet be blest
when the great scar of birth begins to scab
and with each change of weather pull and burn
and the wound verge on flow. What bore, tore;
the horror and the glory are the same.
Man's hope the wound, God's memory the scar!
—else what is born lies nameless in her lap.

RANDALL JARRELL

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DE KOONING

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

DECIDEDLY, the past year has been a remarkably good one for American art. Now, as if suddenly, we are introduced by William de Kooning's first show, at the Egan Gallery (through May 12), to one of the four or five most important painters in the country, and find it hard to believe that work of such distinction should come to our notice without having given preliminary signs of itself long before. The fact is that De Kooning has been painting almost all his life, but only recently to his own satisfaction. He has saved one the trouble of repeating "promising." Having chosen at last, in his early forties, to show his work, he comes before us in his maturity, in possession of himself, with his means under control, and with enough knowledge of himself and of painting in general to exclude all irrelevancies.

De Kooning is an outright "abstract" painter, and there does not seem to be an identifiable image in any of the ten pictures in his show—all of which, incidentally, were done within the last year. A draftsman of the highest order, in using black, gray, tan, and white preponderantly he manages to exploit to the maximum his lesser gift as a colorist. For De Kooning black becomes a color—not the indifferent schema of drawing, but a hue with all the resonance, ambiguity, and variability of the prismatic scale. Spread smoothly in heavy somatic shapes on an uncrowded canvas, this black identifies the physical picture plane with an emphasis other painters achieve only by clotted pigment. De Kooning's insistence on a smooth, thin surface is a concomitant of his desire for purity, for an art that makes demands only on the optical imagination.

Just as the cubists and their more important contemporaries renounced a good part of the spectrum in order to push farther the radical renovation of painting that the Fauves had begun (and as Manet had similarly excluded the full color shade in the eighteen sixties, when he did his most revolutionary work), so De Kooning, along with Gorky, Gottlieb, Pollock, and several other contemporaries, has refined himself down to black in an effort to change the composition and design of post-cubist painting and introduce more open forms, now that the closed-form canon —the canon of the profiled, circumscribed shape—as established by Matisse, Picasso, Mondrian, and Miró seems less and less able to incorporate contemporary feeling. This canon has not been broken with altogether, but it would seem that the possibility of originality and greatness for the generation of artists now under fifty depends on such a break. By excluding the full range of color—for the essence of the problem does not lie there—and concentrating on black and white and their derivatives, the most ambitious members of this generation hope to solve, or at least clarify, the problems involved. And in any case black and white seem to answer a more advanced phase of sensibility at the moment.

De Kooning, like Gorky, lacks a final incisiveness of composition, which may in his case, too, be the paradoxical result of the very plenitude of his draftsman's gift. Emotion that demands singular, original expression tends to be censored out by a really great facility, for facility has a stubbornness of its own and is loath to abandon easy satisfactions. The indeterminateness or ambiguity that characterizes some of De Kooning's pictures is caused, I believe, by his effort to suppress his facility. There is a deliberate renunciation of will in so far as it makes itself felt as skill, and there is also a refusal to work with ideas that are too clear. But at the same time this demands a considerable exertion of the will in a different context and a heightening of consciousness so that the artist will know when he is being truly spontaneous and when he is working only mechanically. Of course, the same problem comes up for every painter, but I have never seen it exposed as clearly as in De Kooning's case.

Without the force of Pollock or the sensuousness of Gorky, more enmeshed in contradictions than either, De Kooning has it in him to attain to a more clarified art and to provide more viable solutions to the current problems of painting. As it is, these very contradictions are the source of the largeness and seriousness we recognize in this magnificent first show.

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Films

JAMES AGEE

HERE are twenty-five more of them.

"All My Sons." The Arthur Miller prize-winner. A feast for the self-righteous; Ibsen for beginners; for the morally curious a sad bore. By the standards of the Screen Writers' Guild this sort of thing is the white hope of Hollywood. Entirely well-intended and sincerely acted; but not an interesting play, and certainly not a movie.

"Angelina." A sloppy job from Italy, with a few fine flashes from Anna Magnani.

"Bill and Coo." Over 200 trained birds, complete with neckties, hats, etc., waddle around an anthropornithomorphic community called Chirpendale. By conservative estimate, the God-damnedest thing ever seen.

"Call Northside 777." A rather dogged but otherwise competent fact-fiction movie; good camera work on Chicago slums; intelligent use of natural sound. Next to "Boomerang!" the best, so far, of its kind.

"Crime and Punishment." A Swedish version, deeply felt, impoverished, intelligent, and uninspired.

"Fanny." Pagnol, at it again: unmarried pregnancy. Some nice moments and some very nice acting, but much too wordy, slow, and smug.

"The Idiot." A skilful, sensitive, intense reduction, with beautiful work by Gerard Philippe, Edwige Feuillière, and Lucien Coedel. The most satisfying movie version of a Dostoevsky novel that I have seen. It was adapted by Charles Spaak and directed by Georges Lampin.

"I Remember Mama." Much more love and talent are devoted to this show than the basic show is worth. A beautifully shaded production; a good deal of skilful acting and direction; subtle outdoor work by the camera man, Nicholas Musaraca. A mild but generally gratifying "family" movie.

"Jenny Lamour." Jealousy, crime, and consequences among small-time Parisian entertainers, well acted by Jouvet, Bernard Blier, and the succulent Suzy Delair. The director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, has an uncanny flair for occupational detail; a Germanic eye; French pace. Of its kind—intelligent trash—nearly perfect.

"Killer McCoy." A harmless, worthless movie about prize-fighting, almost old-fashioned enough to be nostalgically likable; a coolly magical performance by Mickey Rooney; good support from James Dunn and Ann Blyth.

"The Miracle of the Bells." As pernicious a gobbet of pseudo-religious asafetida as I have been forced to sniff at, man and Sunday-school-boy. I hereby declare myself the founding father of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to God.

"Mr. Blanding Builds His Dream House." How to go broke on $15,000 a year, efficiently demonstrated by Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, and Melvyn Douglas. A bull's-eye for middle-class middlebrows. For the low and the high not hard to take and just as easy to let alone.

"The Naked City." With the Homicide Boys in Old Manhattan. Photographed by William Daniels—who shot "Greed"—with a lovely eye for space, size, and light. A visually majestic finish. Otherwise, mawkish and naive.

"Out of the Past." Conventional private-eye melodrama. More good work by Musaraca, largely wasted. Kirk Douglas, wasted as usual. Bob Mitchum is so very sleepily self-confident with the women that when he slopes into clinches you expect him to snore in their faces.

"Paisan." Italian-American war-time relationships, in six episodes. The director, Roberto Rosselini, is being overrated by most people, underrated by some. I see no signs of originality in his work; a sickening lack of mental firmness, of fundamental moral aliveness, and of taste; but at his best an extremely vigorous talent for improvisation, for naturalistic poetry, and for giving the illusion of the present tense. He is the best of the few good improvisers at work. The best of this movie is the best that has come out of Italy; highly gratifying and exciting; the worst is sycophantic, vulgar, lick-spittle stuff which could begin to be forgivable only in a man of, say, D. W. Griffith's size.

"The Pearl." A poor Mexican fisherman finds a great pearl—the Wealth of Nations and the Hope of Man; he and his wife and child suffer the quasi-tragic consequences. These simple folk speak a kind of pseudo-Biblical Choctaw, by Steinbeck; most of the posing and camera work is earnestly luscious salon idealization. An extremely sincere and high-minded effort and, in my opinion, perfectly lousy "art." There's a lot of stuff like it, nowadays. It's all the contemporary equivalent, come to think of it, of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The difference is that then the heroes were well-born people who had never existed and so were in no position to object. In our more democratic times the very salt of the earth is reverently changed into so much stale saccharin. And nobody objects. In both cases the artist's target is the big, soggy heart of the middle class, which doesn't know anything about art, that is, about objectivity and imagination, but which certainly likes what it knows.

"The Raven." A poison-pen maniac upsets a French town. By no means as malign or as brilliant as it's cracked up to be but a sour, clever, amusing job, directed by Clouzot. Yes, yes, it was made in occupied France, by Frenchmen, for a German-controlled company; and what the hell of it?

"Relentless." The careful, pretty production and the decent work of Robert Young and Marguerite Chapman are better than this Western story deserves.

"The Search." A displaced mother and child seek and find each other in American Germany. Awfully well intended and sometimes sweet or touching, but pathetically mild and unimaginative, as if it had been made to interest American clubwomen in sending

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CARE packages—as indeed I wish they would. At one point, while starving children grab for bread, a lady commentator informs one that they are hungry, and that the bread is bread.

"The Sign of the Ram." A vapid "psychological" melodrama in which Susan Peters polishes off a hearty histrionic banquet at her leisure while several other likable players—Phyllis Thaxter, Diana Douglas, Allene Roberts, Alexander Knox—snap forlornly at scraps.

"Sitting Pretty." Clifton Webb's prim snottiness is amusing in an otherwise expendable farce.

"The Smugglers." A costume story about a coward, by Graham Greene out of maybe Stevenson. With more style this might have been rather good. Outside of life more private than I am normally party to I can't remember hearing so many men so often say, to other men, "I *hate* him!" "I *hate* you!"

"Voyage Surprise." Jacques Prévert and his brother Pierre: a neo-neo-primitive, post-post-surrealist frisk in the Mack Sennett manner. Loose, lazy, and I fear fundamentally arty, but I enjoyed it. I am apparently the only man in North America who did. It is more essentially a movie than any other reviewed in this instalment. That's one strike against it. Another: it is visual comedy, not verbal.

"Where There's Life." Bob Hope and his Giant Concupiscence. Some laughs, all of them verbal; no harm in the word. "Voyage Surprise" is better than *that*, anyhow, damn it all.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

HERE is a further report on recent orchestral recordings.

Beethoven's Symphony No. 9, performed by Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony, Robert Shaw's Berkshire Festival Chorus, Frances Yeend, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, David Lloyd, tenor, and James Pease, bass (RCA Victor Set 1190, $11). Koussevitzky produced this performance with love in his heart (and tears, no doubt, rolling down his cheeks); and what it proves is that without the mere ability to set a right tempo, keep it after it has been set, and keep all changes of pace related to it, love will produce something like this bumbling, directionless, shapeless performance. The acoustic conditions of the empty Tanglewood Shed must be responsible for the lessened volume and faulty balances of the recorded sound, for drum-beats that disintegrate and go rumbling on cavernously, and for other recording defects. Since the volume-knob must be turned up, surfaces are very noisy.

Wagner's Prelude and Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal," performed by Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony (RCA Victor Set 1198, $3.50). Some of Wagner's best; the performances all beautiful sound, beautifully reproduced (with insufficient bass that is evident in the passages where the string-basses are plucked), and completely slack in movement.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 1, performed by Sevitzky with the Indianapolis Symphony (RCA Victor Set 1189, $7.25). Some charmingly delicate material in the first movement and scherzo, but otherwise not very interesting; a good performance, well recorded.

Schumann's Symphony No. 3, performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (RCA Victor Set 1184, $6). One of Schumann's less inspired works; a brutal performance; brashly sonorous recorded sound.

Brahms's Symphony No. 2, performed by Rodzinski with the New York Philharmonic (Columbia Set 725, $7.10). The first and last movements make this one of the better large-scale works of Brahms; the performance is mostly straightforward and good; the recorded sound lacks brightness and lustre and is leveled off in climaxes.

Britten's Sea Interludes and Passacaglia from "Peter Grimes," performed by van Beinum with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (English Decca Set 50, $7.35). Impressive examples—with musical interest as well as dramatic effectiveness—of Britten's individual and powerful writing in this work; superb performance and recording.

On Columbia single discs: the fine and unusually elaborate Minuet K. 409 that Einstein says Mozart added to the Symphony K. 338—well performed by Leinsdorf with the Cleveland Orchestra, and well-recorded (12749-D, $1.25), with the Schubert "Rosamunde" ballet music on the reverse side; Walton's "Portsmouth Point" Overture, which I no longer find interesting, well performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony, and well-recorded (12755-D, $1.25); Schubert's inconsequential Overture in the Italian style, well performed by Sargent with the Liverpool Philharmonic, and well recorded (72464-D, $1.25). And on a Victor single: Smetana's delightful Overture to "The Bartered Bride," brilliantly performed by the Chicago Symphony under Defauw, and reproduced with brilliant sonority (12-0018, $1.25).

One detail in the letter from Virginia St. Claire Payne about the National Music League, in *The Nation* of March

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27, requires correction. Miss Payne wrote: "There has been some criticism of the league as an unfair competitor in the concert-booking field. The league's non-profit fees, it is pointed out, undercut the fees asked by larger agencies, and sometimes make it difficult for a large agency to book one of its artists. . . ." This was a misstatement: the criticism of unfair undercutting of fees which I passed on to *The Nation* with Miss Payne's original letter, and which was in turn passed on to her when the letter was returned to her for revision, was made not by a large manager but by a small one. This manager's position was that a fee for a concert could not be less than an amount which, after the manager's commission and traveling and hotel expenses had been deducted, would leave a minimum of $50 for the principal artist and $25 for the accompanist; and there had been instances where the manager had asked such a minimum and the National Music League had supplied an artist for less—which meant that the "non-profit fees" were non-profit not only for the league but for its artists. In my memorandum to *The Nation* I reported this as the comment of a small manager; and I see no possibility of Miss Payne's misstatement being due to misunderstanding.

MEMO from the AD DEPT.

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On May 15 *The Nation* will publish its long-awaited special issue on HOUSING IN AMERICA, A TEN-YEAR PROGRAM: written by experts Lewis Mumford, Charles Abrams, Leon Keyserling, Catherine Bauer, Lee F. Johnson, Robert Lasch, and John P. Dean.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Ideals Degraded

Dear Sirs: I have been asked for my opinion of the decision of the United States to withdraw its agreement to the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine—a stand which had been initiative of and responsible for the decision of the United Nations.

It is difficult for me, an American citizen of short standing, to say that this reversal, this undignified surrender to brazen Arab threats, is the most humiliating and shocking political event since the democracies betrayed Czechoslovakia in 1938. It is an act of despicable and low expediency, a murder of faith and loyalty. It makes us realize, with considerable alarm, how far the ideals of democracy—truth, liberty, justice—have been degraded, how they have been abused to serve the naked interests, not of a people, for the American people is benevolent and just, but of a group striving ruthlessly for power and profit which has imposed its will upon our government.

Has anyone considered the blow this deplorable decision has dealt the authority of the United Nations and its ability to maintain world peace? One cannot help feeling that the prospective betrayal of a people which has endured boundless suffering and is yearning for justice, the breach of hundreds of official promises, has brought us one step nearer to world disaster.

The small Jewish state in Palestine would have been a democracy of people willing to work and striving for culture. It should have had, as a matter of course, the sympathy of a country with American traditions. Why have we been condemned everywhere to support the bad, the foul reaction, that which the people hate—in this instance the feudalism of Arabian oil magnates—and to ruin democracy while pretending to defend it?

It is a grave responsibility how to advise, how to encourage the Jews. I leave it to others to spur them to a desperate continuation of bloodshed, to the defense of their already established state—under the notorious embargo which gives arms to the Arabs but not to them. Perhaps the indignant outcry of a moral world will lead to a revision of the shameful decision. If not, it proves that the immense disappointment of all hopes for a better, juster world has turned to apathy, to a numbed submission of mankind to the threatening disaster.

As for us intellectuals, we can only protest in the derisive words of Flaubert, that despiser of humnity: *"Ah, le progrès, quelle blague! Et la politique—quelle saleté!"*

THOMAS MANN

Pacific Palisades, Cal., March 25

The Socialist Stand

Dear Sirs: Freda Kirchwey, in her editorial of March 13, A Word to Wallace, calls for "a bold and concerted plan on the part of progressive political leaders" as the only hope against a crushing defeat for progressives in the elections.

It would be useless to point out that the Socialist Party has put forward such a plan constantly in past months, except that it is still possible today. Had our call for a national anti-Communist, anti-capitalist third party of liberals and laborites been heeded in the past, America today would not have the dilemma of a choice between the Wallace party-liners and the old-line reactionaries. There would be a party like the British Labor Party which could win the Presidency in the fall and elect a sizable group of Congressmen.

That opportunity is gone—at least for November. What, then, can we do? Labor and liberal leaders have perhaps made it too late to create the mass party spoken of above. Therefore in 1948 the Socialist Party of the United States should, as it has done in the past, present its candidate for the Presidency. He may not win. Neither will Mr. Wallace, nor for that matter Mr. Truman, nor any other Democratic nominee. But there is gathering in this country a "third force" which can and must be prepared to win power when the bankruptcy of the old parties, ever becoming more obvious, is finally complete.

If this does not sound as "realistic" as the arguments of the old-line party hacks and Mr. Wallace's fellow-travelers-of-the-fellow-travelers, take a look around, liberals, and see where "realism" has put you today. We in the Socialist Party well know how little time there is. Yet our program at least provides a goal and hope of a real victory in 1952.

HARRY FLEISCHMAN,
National Secretary, Socialist Party

New York, March 30

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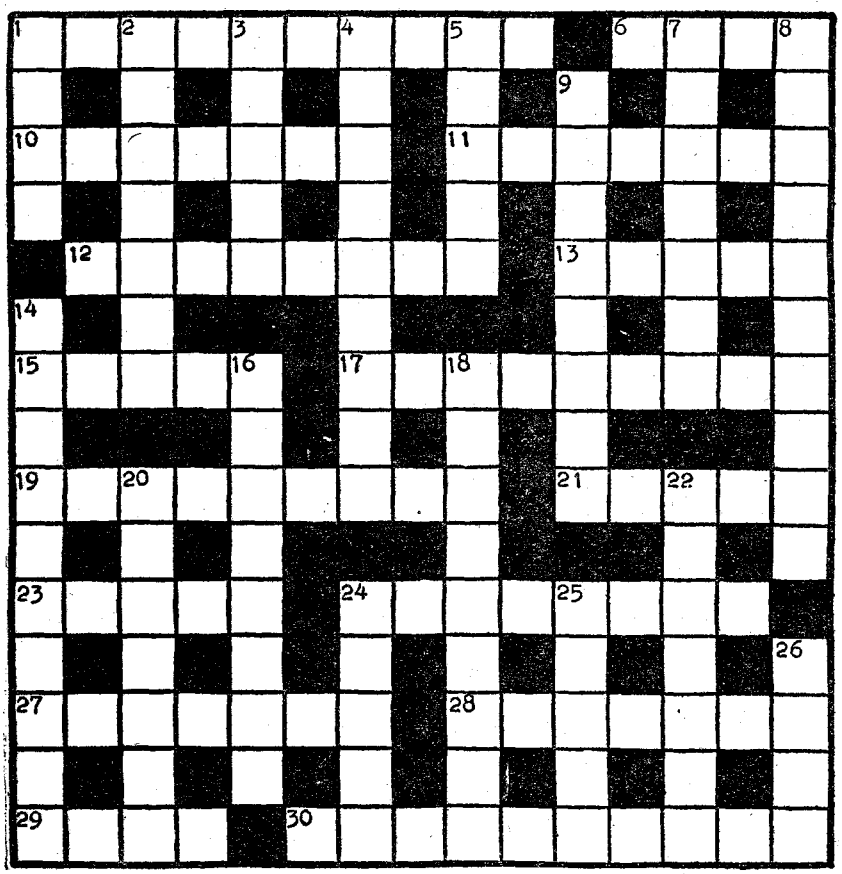
Crossword Puzzle No. 259

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Announcement of an evening celebration? (10)
6 Came to the top. (4)
10 The highwayman is guided by it. (7)
11 The piece doesn't seem well done. (7)
12 Wordsworth did, nebulously. (8)
13 Jewish general, or just a funny fellow. (5)
15 Perhaps a King whose line would be easy to trace. (5)
17 Appellation for a Henry who was 15. (9)
19 Such things have nothing to do with the case. (9)
21 Rushes back with a little old violin. (5)
23 Change later for this. (5)
24 I lecture for those who tend to their knitting. (8)
27 Stadia put on such performances. (4-3)
28 This needle's too big for a 24. (7)
29 Sounds like double work for the tailor, and mediocre, at that! (2-2)
30 Lunch-time for the merchant? (6, 4)

DOWN

1 How it looks when wary. (4)
2 Work hard for this. (7)
3 One who 12, returns with a friend. (5)
4 Candidates pass in art. (9)
5 When an animal is, he either feels or tastes better. (5)
7 Secretaries in governmental service. (7)
8 When private, it's your own business. (10)
9 Are grand when not! (8)
14 The cost of brick-work doesn't imply the lodgers are. (10)
16 Doesn't tell the truth on returning to the first of 10. (8)
18 These imply someone's calling. (9)
20 Needle-workers in rags. (7)
22 He lost his head? Capital! (7)
24 Such delivery is free. (5)
25 One believes in it. (5)
26 An over-pass? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 258

ACROSS:—1 RECALLS; 5 RUB-A-DUB; 9 SWAGGER; 10 UNIFORM; 11 LIGHTHEADEDNESS; 12 SERMONS; 13 LINSEED; 14 CROSSED; 17 APPLIED; 20 WATCH ON THE RHINE; 21 ROBERTA; 22 RAILING; 23 STRAYED; 24 CASTLES.

DOWN:—1 RESULTS; 2 CLANGOR; 3 LIGHT-HORSE HARRY; 4 SHRIEKS; 5 ROUNDEL; 6 BUILDING PERMITS; 7 DIOCESE; 8 BEMUSED; 14 COWARDS; 15 OCTOBER; 16 DUNKARD; 17 AMHARIC; 18 INITIAL; 19 DREDGES.

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